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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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JANUARY—MARCH, 1934.

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EROS

By A.E.

How grave this night are earth and air !
The darkness hides under its fleece
The sombre stones mid which I lie
In their profundity of peace.

Above my savage couch I see
What tender depths ! what glowing heights !
The secret majesties of space,
Its swift innumerable lights !

More ancient than all human love,
There lies between these things and me
Love, that through many a birth and death,
Shall grow as deep as that wide sea.

STANDING WATERS

By J. Redwood Anderson.

To Eileen :

RIVER POOL.

I think of it as a poor widow-lady that, gently growing older, sees the stir and all the sunlit business of the world go by her open window. Her own grief—for who is there that, having known delight, knows not his brother?—her own grief is grown soft with the years' appeasements, leaving her heart a place of quiet sympathy, a room of tender dusk where griefs which are not hers may hide themselves awhile. She is withal soberly cheerful, as they are wont to be who, having renounced all personal claim on life, find, as requital, in the lives of others new interest for their own. There she will sit through a long summer afternoon, watching, half-hidden by the curtain's swaying edge, the traffics of the street: and scarce a face passes her window that she has not learned, with something of its wearer's history. She knows her neighbours by their step: and now leans forward to accost a friend—and now withdraws a little behind the curtain's lace, or sighs, as the sharp tapping of a stick foretells the blind man's coming. So she lives hard by the stream of life and yet remote, in peace and noiseless charity with all.

And so in fancy do I see this pool, where in its basin of dark-weeded stone it lies, tranquil and clear, and all the stir of the swift moorland river hurrying by. Deep in its clear tranquility there sleeps a steadfast shadow, like an ancient grief which time may soften but not take away; while on the surface all the sunlight dwells, now in a calm and meditative joy,

now by the little rufflings of the wind
 broken to happy smiles. The river flows
 busily past : the smooth, green, solid curve
 of water pressing forward to its task ;
 the leap and splash of irresponsible spray
 sporting with obstacles ; the level reach
 where life's full pace is slackened and the shapes
 of outward things—leaves on the sky, wet rocks
 tangled in ivy, even a bird's far flight—
 repeat themselves within it, as the mind
 reflects in thought the visage of the world.
 And all this passage in the pool's still breast
 wakens responsive motions : now the bold
 red berries of the mountain-rowan
 go by like banners and a sound of fifes,
 (and over the pool's breast a faint tremor) ;
 here, a gay leaf is like a wedding-coach,
 and there, a brown one, like a funeral ;
 while this poor derelict of broken twig
 comes hobbling like a beggar-man—and see,
 her door is open : tenderly the pool
 offers it refuge from the river's stress—
 the tired man sleeps. Nevertheless, it lives
 its quiet life retired—deep in itself
 brooding, considering the ways of fate :
 thoughts come to it of its green distant source
 hid in the ample foldings of the moor,
 and memories of when it, too, was part
 of the glad current, when hope flashed on before it,
 and laughter lurked at every pebbled fall ;
 and when the wind is silent and the moon
 rides pure in heaven, all its soul is filled
 with the pale light of faith. So, when the night
 descends and all the flowing stir of life
 is silenced, to my widow-lady come
 mild consolations, solemn and happy thoughts,
 whispers of death and the cold lips of peace.

THE LAKE ON THE ESTATE

Sir So-and-so, lord of the manor,
had cut the entail and sold a goodly share
of his ancestral acres—while the town
reached out its scabrous wilderness of soot,
its petty dwellings, the jangle of its trams,
its forlorn filthiness of half-built street
nearer and nearer. But the lake still lay
unconscious of the fate half-way upon it :
with its small island and its rustic bridge,
its boat-house and decrepit pier, the seats
of ornamental stone that, here and there,
stood on the weed-green paths that bordered it,
and, at one end, an arbour. 'Twas a spot
beloved of lovers who, when day was done,
came out from town—from stool and bench and shop—
to let old Nature have its way with them.
To them the little lake was as a friend. . . .
and yet how much a stranger ! What had it
to do with lads at benches, youths at desks,
or girls that stood at counters all day long ?
For it had known many a generation
of wealth and fashion, when fine ladies came
of summer evenings, armed by cavaliers,
to stroll and look upon it, from the great house
whose gables and red twisted chimneys showed
between the cloudy leafage of the park ;
and it had seen gay water-parties, boats
strung with soft lanterns, and heard round and catch
and delicate laughter. This was long ago,
before the barbarous pressure of the times
had elbowed out gentility. But now,
the margins were no longer smooth and trim,
its bark peeled from the rustic bridge, its planks
rotted unsound ; the tangled growths of briar
had made sharp jungle of the island-paths—
none ever ventured there but truant boys
bird-nesting ; stripped to its naked ribs, the boat
lay half on shore, half in the water sunk.

Even the water of the lake, itself, wore a neglected look : patches of scum spread on its surface—a creeping cataract blinding an eye once beautiful and clear ; the thronging reeds, like an invading rabble, advanced across its frontiers ; the dead leaves of legendary Autumns strewed their coverlet thick on its stagnant sleep. Only two swans—incredibly white—still kept their old estate, moving as if the all-changing course of time had changed nothing, as if no chance of fortune could ever abate one tittle of their pride ; the arrogant arching of their necks refused to countenance an upstart world. And they, strangely enough, were favourites of those whose vulgar sport led them beside the lake, and from these very upstarts would accept with greedy snap the bread of industry. But, the next moment, moving slowly on—incredibly white—they passed, as in disdain of their own lapse and those that pandered to it, their haughty attitude seeming to say : What ? Dispossess us ? Never ! We remain.

GEORGE BANNATYNE (1545-1608)

By William Jeffrey

God's truth, my George ! It seemed a waesome day
 When, happit to the e'en, you fled the toun,
 The Egyptian plague there breenging forth in soun
 O' bairns and kimmers, stinkand in decay !
 Your merkit gone, you stumpit north o'er Tay
 (Your mither's banes ootcrying : come, puir loon !)
 And there in Newtyle doucely sat ye doun,
 And damned the warld to birl upon its way !

A bumper to you, auld George Bannatyne !
 In nichts o' mirk within that Angus bield
 Your quill compilit routh o' sangs divine
 Frae "copies auld, markit and vitillat,"
 Conserving frae the brack the Muse's field,
 Dunbar's reid rose, and Henryson's gib cat.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

By T. F. Powys.

OF all places either in heaven or upon the earth, Abraham's Bosom was the least likely to attract the saints. Even the sinners, who are not so properly to be imposed upon as goodness is, thought Abraham's Bosom but a poor haven to rest in.

To begin with the house was in a corner, but as the three twisting and winding little lanes that led to Great Mullein, were all corners, that was not to be wondered at.

The inn itself, which bore the comfortable title of "Abraham's Bosom," looked of all inns the very least inviting. The approach was muddy, that led to the inn yard. There was a large ill-kept pigs' sty beside the gate, which, though rarely tenanted, had the virtue of keeping always in a fine state of preservation the dung, and the full scent of the last occupier, as if to prepare the traveller for the coming of another and more dirty hog.

The public-house itself was covered with the most dismal plaster that ever could be seen, which every rainstorm that came seemed to make the dirtier. The sash windows were as begrimed as the walls, and even the well water, when it was brought up with the greatest toil from a few feet below the surface of the ground, was of a dull, muddy, and unhealthy colour.

Though a conservative by nature, as we can well believe, Mrs. Griggs, the landlady, believed in equality. With an outside so foul and dirty, the inside, she felt, should be no better. Nor was it. The so-called parlour was the darkest and most unlovely of rooms that could be imagined. The window had never been opened since Mr. Cramp, who was said to have once drunk punch with Dr. Swift, and who had been in the Mullein Churchyard for nearly two hundred years, first closed and fastened it.

Where all else is so ill-kept how would a simple sign-board look? Often had Mr. Lazarus Tuggle, with his head raised and his snub nose turned skywards, tried to make out the meaning of this rare picture of faded colour.

Abraham was certainly there, and if you looked very closely, with the help perhaps of a borrowed ladder, you could see his sandals. Then if your imagination and love of Art were sufficiently excited, you might fancy you saw one of the saints—some would say to the scandal of the patriarch that it was a woman—

lying in the massive folds of his gown, upon Abraham's lap. And now the eyes of many a worthy drinker had looked with envy, for Abraham was holding a great tankard of beer, that some of the lighter sort had foolishly mistaken for the saint's beard, to the lips of the tired martyr.

When ever traveller passed that way, he would have been wise to have remained below the sign, intent upon the art and industry of the painter, without venturing to test the hospitality within doors.

For of all the surly matrons who have ever drawn beer from a barrel, Mrs. Griggs would have stood first, rivaling even the Mrs. Francis of Fielding's story.

A poor man might enter the parlour and beat the table with his ash stick, newly cut from the hedge, for half an hour by his watch, without anyone taking the least notice of his presence. And at last when Mrs. Griggs came to take his order for a pint, she would meet his friendly "good evening" with so crabbed a look, that had the beer not been already sour it would have turned so in her hands.

But even this deserted and forlorn inn, as is the case with many another miserable creature, for nature, though cruel, shows sometimes a crowning mercy—had one admirer, to whom it was a boon and a blessing.

He was Mr. Lazarus Tuggle.

Nothing that Mrs. Griggs could do, or the bad beer either, could keep Mr. Tuggle from spending his shilling upon Saturday nights in Abraham's Bosom.

Abraham's Bosom was always "Our Inn" with Mr. Tuggle, just as God Almighty is "Our Father" with the good and with the simple.

No saint had ever longed for heaven, which is the natural home of a true believer even upon earth, more than Mr. Tuggle longed for the Saturdays to come when he passed under the sign-board and entered Abraham's Bosom.

Mr. Tuggle had his infirmities; what exactly they were no one at Great Mullein knew, but since he had reached the age of fifty years Mr. Tuggle had done no work. It was usually thought in Great Mullein that his eyes were in fault, for gazing so long at the sign in the hope of discovering what exactly the drink was that Abraham gave to the saint. But Lazarus himself supposed

his back to be the chief worry having, he used to say, injured himself with carrying a sack of beans up the granary steps for Mr. Selleck.

But however that was the parish had for five years and more allowed Mr. Tuggle ten shillings a week. Out of this weekly sum, Mrs. Tuggle gave her husband, as a peace offering, one shilling to spend in Abraham's Bosom every Saturday night.

In all the world no man could have been born prouder than Lazarus Tuggle; did anyone hint that he was poor, as Mr. Hayday, who took the duty at Mullein Church on Sundays, once did, he was likely to receive a sudden reply. Being come to the cottage upon a dull November afternoon, and noticing Mr. Tuggle look here and there for something to strike a light with, Mr. Hayday offered him a full box of matches as a free gift. "Matches," shouted Mr. Tuggle in a rage, "matches, one of these days I'll have plenty of matches."

To hear Mr. Tuggle talk in his own kitchen, with Mrs. Tuggle beside him mending his shirt, no one would have suspected how very few shillings kept the house. Mr. Tuggle would talk in large friendly terms about money, naming great sums as though pounds were as common to him as halfpence. "Farmer Lord did buy thik Grange Farm for ten thousand pounds," he would inform Mrs. Tuggle as he stroked the cat warily, "but 'twas a small price to pay, fifteen thousand would have been the proper figure."

When a man arrived who sold motor lawn mowers Lazarus Tuggle in an off-hand manner ordered one to cost thirty-eight guineas. But as the dealer went out of the door satisfied, though a little uncertain about the bargain, Mr. Tuggle said quietly "maybe we'll wait a year or two for grass to grow."

When Mrs. Tuggle was a little unwell, owing perhaps to the meagre food that she ate, Lazarus shouted out to her in his merriest tone: "'Tis champagne and oysters thee do want wold 'oman. Why don't 'ee hire a car and drive to the seaside for a small holiday," and then he would dart off, if the day was Saturday, in the greatest good humour to Abraham's Bosom.

Sometimes it happened that a solitary drover was taking his ease in Mrs. Grigg's parlour, to whom Mr. Tuggle would address himself, and from his large talk and knowledge of cattle, the drover would think him the richest farmer in the county. But

more often the parlour was empty, where in the perfect stillness of a fine winter's evening, Lazarus would smile at the fire, and if the smallest flame showed itself he would burst into a roar of laughter. And when Mrs. Griggs in her usual cross manner put down his drink, the very worst that any house could give, Mr. Tuggle would raise the cup slowly to his lips and drink success to all rich men. . . .

In a fine villa, which belonged to him, in the respectable town of Stonebridge, there lived Mr. Chinn the insurance agent, who, though he dwelt in the town, drew his wealth from the country. For no one was more clever than he at obtaining the pennies of the poor, and at representing death as the best of paymasters. Who indeed could refuse to insure when so fine a gentleman, with a motor car that must have cost him four hundred pounds down, drew up at a cottage gate and condescended to stop? Mr. Chinn was so suited to his calling, that he might have been mistaken for a rich merchant. So rare and genteel were his manners that many thought it worth while to pay sixpence a week to receive such a man, who would talk so finely about the weather and the state of the nation.

Even when the pence, through want of them, were allowed to lapse, which they often did, to be able to hear all Mr. Chinn's reasons why the payments should be renewed was a feast for the wise.

It is impossible to say how it was, that for some while Mr. Chinn never visited Mullein. Perhaps the many sharp corners that he had to pass to get there made him nervous, so that instead of taking the Mullein turn he would proceed directly to Madder. And when at last he went he chose a day when no wind blew, for all along the narrow lanes at Mullein there were large elm trees, that threatened if a gale blew to crash down upon the traveller.

But when once Mr. Chinn visited Mullein, he left no corner unturned. He called at Mr. Tuggle's. "Fifty pounds be a nice sum to handle," said Mr. Chinn, imitating as well as he could a country man's talk. "'Tis something," said Mr. Tuggle carelessly, "though it baint a thousand." "And a few payments of one shilling a week will give you that sum," said Mr. Chinn, as though he read a lesson from the Bible. "Thee be a generous giver," observed Mr. Tuggle, somewhat astonished by so fine an offer, "but how long mid I have to pay they shillings before the

fifty pounds be handled?" "When you do receive it," replied Mr. Chinn, without answering Mr. Tuggle's question, "you will go to Abraham's Bosom."

Mr. Tuggle opened his eyes wide. He had never drunk more than a quart at Mrs. Grigg's, but with fifty pounds in his pocket what splendid happiness!

"'Twould be only a few weeks then before thik fifty pounds be handed to I," he observed thoughtfully.

"Just a fortnight ago," said Mr. Chinn, "I paid thirty pounds on account of a customer who had only been insured for five weeks!"

"Thee be a grand giver of money," remarked Mr. Tuggle excitedly.

"I was born generous," exclaimed Mr. Chinn proudly, "it is my vocation in life to give large presents. And in return I merely ask for a few pence cash each week, less than any gentleman would put into the poor-box, only to show that my large and confident nature is fully understood. I receive a little, I give much."

The day of Mr. Chinn's call was a Saturday. Mrs. Tuggle had already given Lazarus his weekly shilling, which he now handed to Mr. Chinn, who at once put the coin carelessly into his trousers pocket. After the gentleman was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Tuggle looked at one another.

"Taint no beer for thee to-night," said Mrs. Tuggle, who was the first to speak.

"What do that matter," cried Mr. Tuggle, "when in a little while I shall have fifty pounds to carry to wold Abraham."

In two days Mr. Tuggle's insurance policy arrived. Only the most simple words could either he or his wife read. But in the policy he clearly read Fifty Pounds, and then again in figures £50.

Although to a mind like Tuggle's such a sum was but small, yet to boast that soon he would be in possession of fifty pounds was worth his while when in talk with his richer neighbours.

For two or three weeks Mr. Tuggle paid his shilling contentedly enough, and Mr. Chinn when he called to receive it would speak of the Prime Minister, and other great men, whom he said he knew as well as Mullen church tower. "The Chancellor is a little like you, you know," he would say to Mr. Tuggle when he took the shilling.

If ever a human soul was missed it was Lazarus at Abraham's Bosom, the very sign-board creaked with sadness, now that Tuggle's familiar presence was gone. The pig, a new tenant of the sty, was found drowned in its trough, and Mrs. Griggs who had no one to keep waiting grew so forgetful, that when one poor customer arrived she brought him a mug of dirty soap suds instead of ale.

The very flies in the parlour missed Lazarus Tuggle, for had not he said one August evening, that he would sooner be a simple fly who lived in the portal of Abraham's Bosom, than a great king in regions less favoured. . . .

Sometimes an innocent word, spoken with no intent to disturb the mind, may bring disillusionment and gloom to a poor man.

The Reverend Frederic Hayday of Burnfield had also the smaller cure of Great Mullein. While there to do duty, he would never fail to call upon the Tuggles, who were people exactly after his own heart.

How princely Mr. Tuggle looked when he told Mr. Hayday of the fifty pounds that Mr. Chinn was to give him in a week or two. Mr. Hayday wondered a little, he looked at Mrs. Tuggle, who seemed to be in the best of health.

"May I see the policy?" he asked.

Mr. Tuggle spread the paper before the clergyman and pointed to the sum of fifty pounds.

"I am glad that you have made provision for Mrs. Tuggle when you are dead and gone," Mr. Hayday said cheerfully.

Mr. Tuggle regarded him with open eyes.

"'Tis for me," he said, "to take and spend in Abraham's Bosom."

Mr. Hayday was not unacquainted with the ways of Mr. Chinn.

He now explained the policy in simple words. When he had done speaking, Mr. Tuggle made no reply other than to tear up the paper and throw it in the fire.

Mr. Hayday was sorry that he had spoken. . . .

In the Autumn wild winds are let loose, and had there not been money for Mr. Chinn to take, that he loved better than his own soul, he would not have chosen such a rough day, as he did, to visit Great Mullein, when a sixty-hour gale was blowing.

Mr. Chinn's first call was at Mr. Tuggle's, who told him politely that he need not trouble to visit there again. Mr. Chinn used all his art to capture Mr. Tuggle. He showed him fifty pounds that he carried in his wallet. "This will all go to Mrs. Johnson of Madder," he said, "whose husband is dead; she will put the money into his hands for him to touch before he is buried."

"Give me the money," cried Mr. Tuggle, "It's what you did promise."

"If you pick it up in the road," replied Mr. Chinn jestingly, "you may have it, and now please pay me your shilling and all shall be well again. I am too kind a nature to bear malice. You have paid your premium for sixteen weeks, and will you like to lose all that, Mr. Tuggle?"

There was something then in the look of Lazarus Tuggle that made Mr. Chinn retire hastily, and drive off in a hurry to visit Mrs. Griggs.

While he remained at the inn the gale rose to tempest fury, and when Mr. Chinn started for home the going was extremely dangerous.

Mr. Tuggle had no fear of the winds, and wishing to cool his anger a little he walked out into the lane.

A fierce gust went by, and at a little distance off there was a rending crash.

Mr. Tuggle walked down the lane to see what had happened. Round a corner a great elm bough had fallen directly upon Mr. Chinn's car, which was broken to pieces. Mr. Chinn lay dead, but in the road lay his wallet.

Lazarus Tuggle picked it up.

He regarded Mr. Chinn with interest.

"Taint no use sending to I for no water," he said compassionately.

THE PROBLEM OF COSMIC RADIATION

By Charles King

THE recent ascent of Commander Settle from Chicago has drawn renewed attention to the problem of cosmic radiation. The following article is written mainly on the basis of data supplied to me by Dr. R. A. Millikan, the head of the Californian Institute of Technology at Pasadena, who has taken the lead in the more recent investigation of this fascinating problem. I have also had the advantage of some discussion on the question with Professor Sir Arthur Eddington. The fact that these two distinguished scientists take to some extent divergent views is simply a reflection of the fact that the study of the question is in its infancy.

The main apparatus used in the investigations is the electroscope, an instrument which is discharged by electricity in the atmosphere, and thereby measures the degree of electricity there present. Before 1909 rays were known which would discharge an electroscope through metal walls inches thick, but these rays were taken to be radio-active emanations from the earth, and this was, in fact the true account of most of the rays then observed. In 1906 O. W. Richardson made a suggestion, foreshadowing the present theory of "cosmic rays," that some of the effects observed in the discharge of electroscopes on earth might be due to solar influence, but he failed to carry conviction because these effects, which are now regarded as those of "cosmic rays," were found to be as strong at night-time as in the day-time. In 1909 Gockel three times took an electroscope up in a balloon, attaining on his highest flight the height of $4\frac{1}{2}$ km, and found that the rate of discharge of the instrument was higher in the air than on earth. This showed that there were rays whose origin was outside the earth, either in the upper atmosphere or in outer space. Several scientists, of whom Dr. Millikan is the most prominent, have made investigations to decide between these two alternatives. Professor Auguste Piccard, who has brought the subject to the attention of the man in the street, is understood to hold the former view, but he has, so far as is known in English scientific circles, published no technical papers on the subject by which his view might be judged. The recognised theory of

terrestrial, *i.e.*, non-cosmic origin is C. T. R. Wilson's, which attributes the rays to thunderstorms, but two factors of great importance in the study of the subject, the regularity and the banded structure of the rays (*i.e.*, the fact that there are sharply-defined groups of different energies) both militate against this.

The first investigator whose results brought into fashion in the scientific world the view that the rays are of cosmic origin was W. Kohlhorster. He in his balloon flights in 1913-14 found that the "residual ionisation," *i.e.*, the electric effect in the atmosphere due to emanations of some kind, and not to actual radio-active matter (of which there is a certain amount both in earth and air), decreased up to the height of 1,000m. and thence increased, till at 9,000m. it was seven times as great as at the earth's surface; the diminution up to 1,000m. being attributed to the diminution of gamma rays, *i.e.*, rays like X-rays or light rays of very short wave-length and high frequency, emanating from the earth itself. His observations, going on to 1923, seemed to suggest a connection between the rays found abundantly in the upper atmosphere, themselves of a nature germane to the gamma rays, but of an even shorter wave-length, and the Milky Way, as they seemed to be more abundant when the latter was overhead, and the conclusion that they originated there was for a time tentatively accepted by English scientists.

Then Dr. Millikan by more accurate experiments disproved the apparent connection with the Milky Way: he found that the radiation was for all practical purposes regular at all times of day, and independent of the Milky Way as well as the sun. For a whole summer month at Pasadena, where the atmosphere is more suitable for testing such a point than at Halle in Germany, where confirmatory experiments have been made, Dr. Millikan took readings of the intensity of the rays through four six-hour periods daily, and found that none of the averages of the intensities observed in the 120 six-hour periods differed by as much as one-half of one per cent. He has found that the intensity of the rays is subject to barometric influence, but during the particular month spoken of the barometer was very constant in Pasadena: and he regards the minute variations observed, a small afternoon maximum and early morning minimum (an effect clearly due neither to the Milky Way nor to the sun, which was shining at both times) as the result of slight variations in the

atmospheric blanket induced by the alternate heating and cooling of the gaseous matter through which the rays reach the earth. He finds further evidence for the correctness of this conclusion in the fact that the period from midnight to 6 a.m., during which the atmosphere is quieter than during any other of the three daily periods, shows the smallest variations in the individual readings, thus appearing to indicate that variations within as well as those between the periods are due to atmospheric disturbances.

Since the intensity of the rays is independent of the position of the sun, the Milky Way, or other celestial objects, and they appear to come no less abundantly from almost "empty" space than from those directions of the celestial dome where the masses of matter are found, Dr. Millikan now infers that the latter regions, the neighbourhoods of stars, are inimical to the formation of the rays and that they originate in interstellar ether.

It is notable that when he began these particular investigations as to regularity in 1924-25 he was an opponent of the theory of cosmic origin; from the evidence of the pilot balloons which he and a colleague sent up with electroscopes to a height of ten miles in 1921-22 and a high personal balloon flight made in 1922 he had inferred the origin of the rays in the atmosphere. Sir Arthur Eddington in his "Interior Constitution of the Stars," written in 1924 and 1925, advanced tentatively, before Dr. Millikan, the suggestion that the rays were the effect of the transmutation of hydrogen into heavier elements, helium, etc., *i.e.*, as Dr. Millikan puts it, "wireless signals of atom-building" in interstellar space." Sir Arthur was going at that time on the observations of Kohlhorster, and his suggestion was of an origin in the Milky Way.

The first observations which convinced Dr. Millikan of the cosmic origin of the rays were made by sinking apparatus in snow-fed lakes at high altitudes, *e.g.*, at Pike's Peak, Colorado. It had previously been found by another observer, McLennan, that the "residual ionisation" due to all emanations, as distinct from that arising from radio-active substances, was less when readings were taken in a vessel of ice over L. Ontario than either on land or sea (where naturally it was less than on land). Dr. Millikan made use of this fact and further eliminated emanations from the earth by going up to heights. From the regularity of

the rays, and other facts, he first deduced their independence of the Milky Way; and it is conceded by those who now differ from him on other points that it is the increased accuracy of his observations over those of others, and the increased accuracy of his interpretation of his observations, demonstrating regularity, that is his unique, and very important, contribution to the subject; the rays (if they do not originate in our atmosphere, and the objections to that view are apparently fatal) must come from outside our particular galaxy.

It was in his observations in lofty snow-fed lakes that Dr. Millikan began to find what is called the "absorption co-efficient" of the rays: the most recent figures he gives in this connection show that the "soft" rays which carry about 90 per cent. of the total energy of the rays entering the atmosphere lose $\cdot 35$ of their energy in passing through 1 metre of water: there are others, much more penetrating, which lose $\cdot 08$ and $\cdot 04$ respectively. The statement of these results is one way of expressing what has been called the "banded structure" of the rays, the fact that there are well-defined groups of different energies. The rays belonging to the large group, with absorption co-efficient $\cdot 35$, have an energy of 25-27,000,000 volts, a result found by comparing directly in the waters of the high lakes the penetrating power of the cosmic rays with that of the hardest gamma rays otherwise known, those of thorium C". The penetrating power of the "softest," least penetrating, cosmic rays is five times as great as that of the gamma rays of thorium C," and it is deduced that their energy is 10 times as great; the energy of the thorium C" rays is 2,500,000 volts; hence the figure for the "softest" cosmic rays. These rays, so far as Dr. Millikan can tell, do not come down to sea-level. The rays with absorption co-efficient $\cdot 08$ have an energy about 115,000,000 volts; those with co-efficient $\cdot 04$ have energy about 215,000,000 volts; there are others with energy about 500,000,000 volts, and some apparently of even higher energy. These figures as to the energy of different groups of rays are of the utmost importance in the subsequent argument.

There can be little doubt that the rays are "photons," particles of radiation of the kind discovered by A. H. Compton, the Chicago physicist, whose work on the encounters of particles is of importance in the investigation: such particles are emitted into space as a result of atomic disturbances and are given their

name because they travel with the velocity of light. That the cosmic rays are photons is accepted by Sir James Jeans, who in other respects does not agree with Dr. Millikan's view of the rays : Sir James calls them "bullets of radiation." But Dr. Millikan has produced further evidence that the rays are photons, and not, as might be argued, protons—which are the positively-charged units of structure (electrons) of the nuclei of atoms—nor yet negatively charged electrons. This evidence is in eleven photographs of cosmic-ray tracks exhibited in November 1931, at the Institut Poincaré in Paris and later at the Cavendish Laboratories at Cambridge. The tracks are usually circular, like those of gamma rays, which are photons ; and the similar shape of the tracks is evidence of the similar nature of the rays. These tracks afford evidence of "Compton encounters" between incoming photons and electrons of absorbing matter : a Compton encounter between particles being like an ordinary encounter between billiard balls, in which the originally standing ball is propelled obliquely to the line of the travelling ball, and the travelling ball is itself deflected. Now if the travelling particle had been an electron the photograph would have been clouded : the absence of clouds and presence of circles shows that the rays are photons. Dr. Millikan also argues to the same effect from observations taken on the flight which he made, with his colleague Bowen, in 1922 to a height of $15\frac{1}{2}$ km, through 92 per cent, by weight, of the earth's atmosphere—a flight nearly as high as those of Professor Piccard, but quite untrumpeted—to investigate the rate of increase in the electric quality of the atmosphere. He confirmed the rate of increase observed by Kohlhorster in the lower strata of the atmosphere above 1 km, but in the higher ranges not reached by Kohlhorster the rate of increase was not maintained. Dr. Millikan argues that this observation, showing the existence of ways which do not penetrate the whole way into our atmosphere, shows that all the rays come in as pure photons, some being absorbed in the upper air, while those which penetrate farthest finally settle down in equilibrium with secondary rays which they, so to speak, pick up in the earth's atmosphere. Dr. Millikan makes so much play with proofs that the rays are photons because the energy of photons cannot be altered, and this is of great importance to his theory. Röntgen himself found that magnets had no effect on the X-rays he discovered, and cosmic rays, as has been

said, are of the same nature. If the rays were electrons we should not be able to make any certain inferences from the energies recorded by our observations, as the energies of the rays might have been affected by passing through magnetic fields. As the rays are photons and uninfluenceable we can rely on our measurements of their energy, and can be sure that they have always had the same energy.

The energies actually found have already been given. The method of calculation of the energy of the rays of 25-27,000,000 volts has been mentioned: the other figures, though pointed to by calculations of various kinds, have been definitely arrived at on the evidence of the photographs.

Now, taking it that the rays are "cosmic," how do they arise, and what gives them these particular energies? One suggestion that has been made is that they originate in magnetic fields and the high energies are one to electrons being accelerated in such fields. Now there is a symmetrical magnetic field surrounding the earth's atmosphere, but its value is known to be about one million volts and its direction is such as to drive electrons out, not in. Moreover if there were another such field of the right energy and direction, and it were symmetrical to the earth—a supposition necessary to account for the regularity of the rays—its spectrum would be continuous; the rays sent out would not be in groups. Dr. Millikan further argues that to suggest magnetic fields far out in space, in other galaxies than our own, implies, in view of the regularity of the rays, a geocentric theory of the universe. Even if it be held that the universe is closed, and that rays travelling round the closed universe, unable to get out, would reach in time an equable distribution there still remains the argument from the "banded structure"; if, the distribution were evened out, the energies would become, if not absolutely equalised, at least evenly graduated. Moreover Sir Arthur Eddington, who sees the possibility of distribution being evened out by the travelling of the rays in a closed spherical universe and in fact regards the regularity of the rays as an indication that the universe is "closed," does not see how there can be such fields in nebulae or interstellar space, because the insulation is too bad in those regions.

There is also the theory that the rays arise from the disintegration of matter. Sir James Jeans, among others, has put

this forward : he says that he thinks that " the most penetrating constituents of the cosmic radiation point to a general degradation of complex atoms in the direction of simplified structure and decreasing atomic weight." Dr. Millikan, however, maintains that such a process would give rise to energies higher than observed in the rays in general, and with this Sir Arthur Eddington and the distinguished Louvain astronomer, the Abbé Lemaître, agree. There is a theory that the disintegration of atoms, of which the rays are the offshoots, took place long ago, and that the energies have got diminished by long wandering of the rays in a spherical universe. Dr. Millikan admits that this is a way in which the disintegration-theory might be justified, if it were not, once more, for the " banded structure " of the rays : if they had reached us in this way their energies would be evenly graduated.

To account for the facts, Dr. Millikan has recourse to an equation of Einstein's, which, though a theoretical equation of thermodynamics, is admitted by most physicists to be as safe a guide as any theoretical equation in physics, and which has so far stood all the practical tests which have been applied to it. From this equation he reaches his well-known conclusion that the rays arise from atom-building. The equation, Dr. Millikan calculates, postulates an energy of 25-27,000,000 volts for rays arriving from the building of helium out of hydrogen, 115-116,000,000 volts for the building of oxygen, 215-216,000,000 volts for that of silicon (the main constituent of glass and sand) 500,000,000 volts for that of iron. Having found these energies in the cosmic rays he concludes that they arise from these processes, a view, which, as I have said, while not worked out in detail, was put forward by Sir Arthur Eddington some time ago. The coincidence between observation and theoretical calculation is clearly a point in favour of Dr. Millikan's view, especially as he was originally opposed to the theory of cosmic origin, and many scientists, particularly in America, have been struck by it. Dr. Millikan holds that the atom-building takes place in interstellar space outside our galaxy, and one reason he gives for preferring space, beyond the general fact that the incidence of the rays seems to have nothing to do with the stars, is of particular and topical interest. In 1930, with the same sensitive electro-scope with which at Pasadena he established the fact of the rays' regularity, he took careful readings first at Pasadena and

then at Churchill, Manitoba, lat. 59° N.—the nearest settlement on earth to the N. magnetic pole—which showed that the incoming rays are not influenced at all by the earth's magnetic field. From the fact that there was no difference in the readings it was deduced that before the rays entered the earth's atmosphere they had not traversed any amount of matter which was comparable in thickness with that atmosphere: if they had they would necessarily be mixed with secondary beta rays, which would be directed into the earth most abundantly along the earth's magnetic lines and would therefore enter it in the neighbourhood of the magnetic poles. If they came even from the remotest exteriors of stars they would be mixed appreciably with the magnetically deflectable rays. It is presumably to test the influence of the magnetic pole on the rays that observations in the stratosphere have been taken from Chicago. Sir Arthur Eddington adds another reason for preferring space to stars as the origin of the rays, *viz.*: that the atmosphere of a star would prevent any escape of cosmic rays from its main bulk, and that there is far more matter in space than in the shells of stars, which are very tenuous. Bowen, a colleague of Dr. Millikan's at the Norman Bridge Laboratory, in solving a seventy-year old problem as to the nature of certain unexplained lines in the spectra of nebulae, showed that common elements, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon and sulphur, as well as hydrogen and helium, exist in the depths of interstellar space, giving rise to the so-called "nebulium" radiations; as common elements are found there, it is quite likely that they were and are being formed there.

There is an interesting theory that, in spite of Dr. Millikan's objection, confirmed by Sir Arthur Eddington, the rays nevertheless are of stellar origin. The Abbé Lemaître of Louvain Observatory suggests that the rays may be "glimpses of the primeval fireworks of the formation of a star, coming to us after their long journey in free space." The idea is that the rays may have been given off by stars in process of formation, before the stars acquired an atmosphere to blanket them: and that as they have travelled about in the universe they have been weakened in energy in proportion to the simultaneous increase of the radius of the expanding universe: the energies which they have now are not those which they originally had, but the different groups of energies, all proportionately reduced, represent different pro-

cesses in the formation of stars. This is a very imaginative speculation which Dr. Millikan dismisses as "scientifically unacceptable."

In itself it seems more far-fetched than his own view, but there is one apparent flaw in the latter which must be mentioned. This is that energies have been observed in the rays beyond what can be accounted for on the atom-building hypothesis. Nine-tenths of the encounters of photons with electrons recovered in the photographs exhibited at Cambridge involve energies lying within ranges computed from the Einstein equation and the atom-building hypothesis, but only nine-tenths. Energies beyond 500,000,000 volts are too great. Dr. Millikan has found some of 1,000,000,000 volts and has to whittle down the significance of his observations in the interests of his theory. These higher observations favour the theory that the rays arise from disintegration of matter in space or stars, commonly known as the "annihilation-theory." It has been from the progressive rise in the observed energies of the rays that this theory has drawn its strength. But now the work of P. M. S. Blackett and G. P. S. Occhialini at Cambridge has brought to light energies too great to be explained not merely on the atom-building theory, but even on the annihilation-theory. The evidence of Dr. Blackett's photographs is very definite, and Sir Arthur Eddington thinks it cannot be mistaken. He is prepared on the strength of it to throw over the atom-building theory which he once put forward, and while not committing himself definitely, he thinks that for the moment, until new facts are observed, the Abbé Lemaître's theory holds the field.

As a student of the subject without any authority I recall the fact that when radio-active emanations were first discovered they were thought to come exclusively from the earth, and that it is now admitted that most of those then observed did so, while others are cosmic. So, it occurs to me to suggest the possibility that the new observations may be found not entirely to rule out Dr. Millikan's theory (which appears to have good warrant) in the case of those rays to which it can apply. As the radio-active emanations originally observed were found not to be homogeneous in origin, so the cosmic rays may not be homogeneous. The necessity of finding some other explanation for the rays of very high energy observed may not, I tentatively suggest, involve

the same necessity for the rays of whose energy atom-building appears to be a reasonable explanation.

The final question is "Do the rays in fact show the universe in continuous self-renewal?" This has been represented as the upshot of Dr. Millikan's view by newspapers. Sir Arthur Eddington, however, maintains that the atom-building theory, if it is true, confirms the view which he is well known to hold, that the universe is "running down." If hydrogen is being transformed into heavier elements—helium, oxygen, silicon, iron—this is as much a part of the running-down process as the building of stars and planets out of nebulae. The hydrogen will in time be all used up, and unless a "widow's cruse" of hydrogen can be shown somewhere in the universe, Sir Arthur Eddington holds that the atom-building theory, in spite of the popular impression, offers no support to the view that the universe is perpetually making itself anew. But it will last our time!

P.S.—It is of interest to mention that just at the time of going to press I have heard from Dr. Millikan that he agrees with Sir Arthur Eddington on this point as he says, "anyone acquainted with the fundamentals of the subject is bound to do." So the idea that cosmic radiation shows the universe renewing itself fountain-like must be dismissed as a Fleet-street Fairy Tale.

ARISTAEUS. A MASK

By Lyle Donaghy

Persons in the Mask :

Aristaeus

Myrteia

Verticora

Spirit of the Air

Spirit of the Place

Voice of Cyrene or Earth

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth

Stage Directions.

Scene : The floor is convex, being just sufficiently curved to suggest a portion of a sphere. It is obviously geometrical in form. It is of a dark brown colour against a deep sky-blue background.

Lighting : The light is white : it should not be too strong, and should dim gradually towards the circumference of the stage.

Masks : Myrteia and Verticora wear masks : Aristaeus has a mask-like makeup : the two Spirits and the Chorus have their faces made up to resemble masks.

In the construction of the masks use should be made of the different effect of different masks on the sound which issues from them, so that each mask would give an effect appropriate to its character.

Costume : The costume of Aristaeus is of a slate colour, that of Myrteia of the pink that occurs in half-burned coal slate and having as nearly as possible the soft lustre of ivory, that of Verticora is of the colour of darkness : the costumes of the two Spirits and the Chorus are of three different depths of a pale ash colour.

Chorus : The chorus are grouped semi-circularly and in sitting postures on the farther slope of the stage : when they are not taking part in the action their heads are bowed. (All the speeches of the chorus are chanted).

Action, etc. : The scene is discovered with the Chorus as described and the Spirit of the Place sitting a little in front of centre :

her posture bears some resemblance to that of a figure in Egyptian sculpture : it is semi-rigid : her eyes are directed slightly downwards : with the approach of the Spirit of the Air from the right, she rises deliberately, moves a little to left and back from centre, and sits down again as before, but facing left : the Spirit of the Air comes to centre and stands looking over her in the same direction : she keeps her arms extended, and does not speak until she has reached her position : at the speech " Dark is their lot whom Zeus drives " etc., the Spirit of the Air takes up a sitting-kneeling position a little to right and back from centre : she faces front, her hands now reposing lightly on her knees : Aristaeus speaks his first speech off the stage, then he comes centre and adopts a kneeling or half upright posture till his speech " Not peace is my desire " etc., when he sinks down again till the image of Myrteia appears : The production is continued thenceforward upon similar lines, *i.e.*, in a modified ballet style. The movements throughout, including those of Aristaeus resemble simplified conventional dance movements. The gestures are deliberate and for the most part symbolical.

ARISTAEUS

Spirit of the Air

Spirit of this place I come
to forewarn you of the approach of one
whom Zeus has chosen to subject
to an unresolved destiny
that shall be determined
on this vacant spot.

Spirit of the Place

Whom do I see coming,
whom has despair or grief
launched on the path hither ?
what parents bestowed on him
intolerable passions
body that has been
grief's nursery ?

Spirit of the Air

This is that son
Apollo's cruellest heat
spanning the Afric continent
begot upon Cyrene all ungarlanded.

This is he who sought
the hollow Emathian coast
to become the pupil of Proteus
and took the knowledge he desired by force.

This he who afterwards
filled Libya with corn
by spreading husbandry
and by teaching the right use of shade.

Spirit of the Place

What change occurred in him
that led him to forsake
furrows already driven
for an uncultivable wilderness?

Spirit of the Air

Zeus makes his body
the site of a conflict
with which life ebbs and flows
until his action shall incline one way.

Spirit of the Place

What terrible forces join in his soul?
what fierce antagonisms part his breast

Spirit of the Air

The loves that make and unmake
are at odds in his brain and his loins.

Spirit of the Place

But he was averted from
the terrible lust that had engendered him.

Spirit of the Air

He strove with it
 till past his purposed feet
 had flashed thing-emptying fire,
 till the moisture was sucked out of all beside
 unset bloom of a remembered tree;
 till the interest was withdrawn in a moment
 from the covenants of life
 and only a little white asbestos ash
 remained of stoic desire.

Chorus of Spirits

Praise grand useless things the sophists say—
 Oh, leave the cult of the fool, for nothing that is teased out round
 the edges with self-praising folly is beautiful;
 leave hebate philosophy and all religion that with a blunt head
 meets the pricking points;
 leave speculation upon the cause of cause, or anything supposed
 to lie round another corner that light takes;
 the advent is in light—we disendow the eye by too much turning
 it aside.

Spirit of the Air

He is close beneath us now—

Spirit of the Place

Surely it is on account of some sin
 that his body and soul are divided within him,
 that his life has become a subterranean groan
 and he implores earth his mother to take him back into her womb.

Spirit of the Air

Dark is their lot whom Zeus drives,
 without help of a god that is higher!

Spirit of the Place

Dark, indeed!

Aristaeus

O, spirit of the clear air
 steered on smooth flowings of wind,
 wave that hast successive kiss of the fig-inflowered earth,
 sky in whose glintless dark blue stare
 the flowering of the world is viewable.
 Spirits of earth and heaven, you who live
 in harmony momentarily reborn,
 hear me,
 Cyrene, Mother, hear me !
 considered of your race,
 but changed from the nature of gods,
 having nostrils for air not fire.

Voice of Cyrene

Son, what has caused you to wander thence
 where day knew a screen from the heat
 and the dry fusilade of the sand was checked ?

Aristaeus

O, Mother, the sun burned within me,
 he rose without shade in my heart,
 his firmamental fire awakened in my brain.

Voice of Cyrene

How could this be ?
 I secured you against his heat
 in the range of his greatest strength ;
 he had no way to increase
 the desert siege.

Aristaeus

Prometheus who brought
 fire in a reed long ago
 who put courage in man's breast
 and caused blind hope to dwell there
 was fixed to an earth-quaked rock
 and sank in molten change.

I, though Apollo's son,
because I opposed his wrath
and showed men how to avert
his noonday destroying flame
am adjudged like punishment
and set on fire within.

Voice of Cyrene

Even so, did my vales provide no ease?
did you find no peace on my breast?

Aristaeus

Sweeter to none was your breast, O, Mother,
to none so sweet the flowery banks of your streams
and far beyond the track of the merchant ships
and the sundering land, I followed your ocean gleams,
but hearken, Mother, O, Earth, my Mother, one day
as I went through the desert, the road to Berenice,
I found on the desert and fluttering before my feet
a dark tiger-winged moth; I spread apart
the wings of the silver brown and disclosed beneath
wings of saturate red. O, never before
in the mines of earth was hidden so deep a red,
for it went far back with shadow on shadow
of dark and vermeil bright, till the eyes
were dazzled with light and dizzy the head,—
I took the moth from the burning sands and held it a moment—
dead!

O, Mother, my Mother, all day through the desert
the road to Berenice, I fled from the feet of death!

Voice of Cyrene

Sad is the trend of these words
that have entered woe in a net—
dost thou dare to set free the naked joy and grief?

Aristaeus

Love wrought on the ocean of my being, as Neptune doth on the
 sea involving its thousand streams
 till blind emotion drew on necessity—
 then was born in the shade by my side, surpassing Apollo's dreams,
 youthfully bodied
 secret-possessing
 silver-hued like the dawn
 a slender Libyan girl
 with limbs that beauty covered like a eucalyptus stem
 with eyes like isle-mottled lakes
 and breasts like river pearl,
 with lips pure red in the myrtle shine
 and quick life within.
 Fate set her to move attracted round in the coil of my heart's
 streams
 and twist to the central swirl.

Chorus of Spirits

Tender is the heart at birth
 tender is love at its coming
 and has dark circles about its eyes
 tender is the face upon which the lover dare not look
 tender is the body which wakens the sweet wild wish in his breast
 tender is love at its coming
 tender and sweet love is
 but the end of love is pain.

Aristaeus

Love stirred in my heart the warm wave
 till I learned that pain was sweeter
 that painlessness known for long,
 and, almost freed from body, my soul strained supplicating arms
 and I yearned for exile at the centre of her.

Voice of Cyrene

Ah! woe! alas! for what never could be!
 except fire should return into the mind of God.

Aristaeus

Woe! alas! for Zeus bid death to sever us!

Voice of Cyrene

Because you'd striven
for lovely sweet perdition
and barter of two lives for one
he loads you with this dreadful punishment.

Aristaeus

Unbearable is love when God has veiled its object
and the upheaved tides cognise no shore.

Chorus of Spirits

Though thou wouldst have long life and freedom to fulfill love,—
at least in thy distress
be glad there are annihilable things, alleged states of being,
shadow, cold, emptiness—
how much more other things have flawfuller entity and being
more abruptly terminable,
all which, our brain's concurrent nothings, have their virtual focus
for a while,
but after the tempest, the body's weak upbursts, conceivably
are no further.

Voice of Cyrene

Peace comes eventually to those who accept fate.

Aristaeus

Not peace is my desire,—
but if I may not find Myrteia,
nor establish her again with my body,
nor dwell once more enclustred by my love,
nor come to wreck upon that blessed coast
jetting rich spice upon the richer shore,—
may never earth again have profit of its desire,
no living creature breed or come at procreance
and nothing in the world have interest from its kind,

inconsummation vex men's seed and bring on madness,
 the lion and tiger make no way
 but with red buried fang and smoking claw,
 the leopard pounce and only rend his mate,
 the bull with raging flanks return upon the herd
 and horn the silk cows unto no end,
 the high-antlered stag mooching in savage unappeasement nigh
 the doe ever rut and wear the last fawn to
 death unsatisfied,
 the nervous horses stamp the foal down with the mare,
 dogs bite themselves to spill their lust,
 birds tread not though they kill,
 adder and worm rear up to copulate and rot in their own slime,
 let nothing in nature procreate but progeny give out on the face of
 the earth
 and the fused world jolt to a barren doom.

Voice of Cyrene

You do ill to add to your fault with curses.

Aristaeus

What fault have I committed that he should take my sight away,
 and set hounds of darkness on my blind soul?

Voice of Cyrene

Love was never yet finished, never the anguish-joy of the soul
 was suffered to be complete,
 completed joy and pain are barren,
 but from the yearning of bodies,
 from the hoop of their flesh bent with pain,
 from the mingling unmingled fire of their spirits,
 is born in the womb of unfinished desire
 new anguish-joy;
 you had loved too deeply and joined too far
 who never might cease to be twain.

Aristaeus

He quickened my eyes to beauty
to give me quickening of pain.

Voice of Cyrene

You had blasphemed against nature.

Aristaeus

Be it so ; yet why does he punish me since
because of the strength of desire ?

Voice of Cyrene

You had turned flame of love against life
confounding division in fire.

Aristaeus

He punished, and now he derides me
with fell division of mind.

Voice of Cyrene

Do you find no refuge in sorrow ?

Aristaeus

Love it seemed had done with me
had left a cone of ashes
raked with the unpassing mournful air.

Voice of Cyrene

What psychic leech could suck the thought aside ?
what quicksense blistered memory ?

Aristaeus

Who first woke love in my heart
dissolved possession in mortmain
nor yet the pain of love.
who gave my thoughts love-list
and realmed love's image in my breast
bade false succession there.

Voice of Cyrene

Who can will the mould of desire ?
or who can manage his own thought ?

Chorus of Spirits

When shall be at an end his sick agony,
 when wilt thou have done, O, love,
 when will be at an end, O, love,
 the whirl-sucking wings of thee
 the gripping limbs,
love, love, when wilt thou end thy taking
 when wilt thou end, O, love ?

Oh, the long-sucking flow ebb-flow of the river
 wind-scourged tidal river
not so pulls out of the gravel strength,
 love, as thou dost,
love, when wilt thou leave him to rest ?

Near an end now is his sick agony,
 near an end,
for surely his body is taken
 and his bones go from their place,
in the barren sand that covered them
 nought remains ;
love, love, surely at length thou hast finished.

Nought was hidden, love,
 thou hast had even all—
hast thou a blast so fine it can drive the soul ?
may'st thou rob further that little air ?

Spirit of the Place

The conflict is renewed in his breast
 and he extends his arms in despair.

Spirit of the Air

Now he is overpowered by the memory
 of a love that was old long ago.

Spirit of the Place.

O, sorrowful wanderer from Libya,
 what bliss is reborn in thy memory
 with the wind from the petals and elder leaves
 when the odorous mass of the blossom swells
 like the breast of thy child-love?
 what grief is reborn in thy memory
 with the wind that breathes from the olive mountains
 where the wild plum dripped with gum on the slope
 near the thorned acacia?

Aristaeus

She is sleeping between the sky and the sky,—
 Will anyone wake her?—Not I—not I!

Spirit of the Air

A soft fire stirs in his blood
 like the red-gold afterglow
 of sun in a snowy wood.

Spirit of the Place

It forms into the image of her he loved.
 (The image of Myrteia enters)

Aristaeus

Oh, joy of never passed delight,
 the water stricken that not still grows ever
 the bed that roses bare with rosebloom burneth still
 the height that with pure snow was chilled
 more perfect snow congeals!
 She who has smitten with the joy and delight of divine clash
 my seeking
 Oh, who shall recover love from her breast forever!
 Alas! woe!—each atom of her body was solved with me in
 separate weltering flow!
 O, body for which this fleshed frame gasps,
 did I dote upon you till love took the mastery of too-quick-
 dividing thought?

or else does death distraign upon this cumbered ware too numerous
mortgages,
and being seized already treat each cell with inward mis-
affective unction,
that youth's thews give place to slacker thong
and, before the rest, the finer filaments decay?
Myrteia !

(The image of Myrteia recedes slowly and sinks down on the right hand of the stage)

Again,—the myrtle withers in her hand !
Again, again,—the mountains have rolled
Sweltered slate on the woods of gold !

Chorus of Spirits

The unsoldering stream now issues from the bony urn and closet
of his brain
which makes the earth's curved area seem to melt
and glimmer with more heatful streams and glowing
hollows than its wont.
He looses of his hold who held world-through—
melts down and sparkling runs the igneous flow—
Oh, who shall bide when crepiscent torrents pass?
who stand in raging silicon?

Truth lives not mured in flinty glass, but compliant with resolute
voyaging,
the mournful furtherance from all that was
and sallies in the brute amoebic mass of futurity.

Spirit of the Place

He is struggling with projections from his brain.

Spirit of the Air

One comes in veils of human flesh, and with the palpable beauty
of flowers,
an image that dances round him like the snaky lash of a rod.

(This and the next seven speeches follow Verticora's dance movements).

Spirit of the Place

I know her in that perfumed net, stuck with late petal showers—
it is Verticora who turns the heart after its last throb.

Spirit of the Air

She draws his dark eyes after her.

Aristaeus

What different odour is this?—
what smart sweet opposites waft
 with merely a memory of spice,
 of musk, elecampane,
 ambergris, amaranth?

What are these hazes that drift
 erecting a dream at my side?
what pungent fires that flow
 from the fount of a nervous hand?

Verticora

Do you not know the tremulous waves of love's speech?
have not your veins received carriers of messages from a shore not
 self?
do you not know the essential image of love?

Aristaeus

Who has dared to call up
to this vacant top of the earth
the image of flower-inwinded love?

Verticora

You called me with the muster of thought and blood.

Aristaeus

Alas! what balms that grow,
what emollescent mallow shower,
what swamp of eltheny, what myrrh,

will from its rockment throw
the pitched eburnean tower ?

O, love, return, slacken me ;
let me down out of this hill and cross !

(The image of Myrteia has raised its head)

To you I burn, to me burn, o, desired,
O, love, O, passion with body,
annul my infinite want !

(As Aristaeus advances towards her the
image of Myrteia begins to recede)

Oh, terrible menace of light !

Oh, misery to see
the body of love in a dream,
when love has returned unto
the oozy crofts of the deep !

Oh, misery to see love's shore,
when the gardens of vervain and myrrh
have been breathed upon by death !

Now hope wants life forever !

Chorus of Spirits

Neither is balm with her
there is no resēda in dream
but that which no dreams assuage
may be consumed by a dream ;

for the heart is but solid air
the soul an exchangeable thing
that at touch of a torrid wind
is no self-knowing thing.

(The image of Myrteia recedes completely)

Aristaeus

Now love doth pull unto no ebb
now lust is bourned with infinite

Verticora

Come from love's sea, the day-stars reek and drown,
showmen to desolation, night's stars look down ;

come from the sea, the scaly monsters roll,
the darkness grows and pivots in your soul ;

come from the sea, the curled wave turns to foam,
blood yeasts, you shall not bring your booty home.

Aristaeus

I burn, put me out with thy night.
(she dances)

Aristaeus

Now, body, decease,
now life be scourged in me and turn to pricklier itches of decay,
now fragmented corrupt thought pack and founder in the boiling
deed,
now gibbous strength cave in over the final leak,
beauty be fixed with wolves
and love consumed in death.

(She converges upon him dancing. Their
lips and hands touch so that they form a
double cross)

Aristaeus

I have put lips to needled lips,
I have been stung with shadowy hands,

I am molten, a wave without sand.

Verticora

Dost thou yield the pith of consent ?
dost thou leave thy cinderous hope ?

shall she live and thou be not ?

Aristaeus

I am purified even as thou,
I have shed fire's cinderous ruth,

I am versed in death's channel.
(She dances ecstatically)

Aristaeus

O shade
O crowdfull night
O swirling ombrous mist
 and blood thronged within
invest my fires

 extinguish them.

 (She enfolds him as with wings)

O, spouting pulses! O, black stream!
volve pen the verving core.
come down, black fountain that I stem.

(The stage which has been gradually dark-
ening since Myrteia left it, is now in deep
shadow)

Chorus of Spirits

Of heaven and earth in pain wast thou begotten
honey and gall hast thou tasted with thy mouth
thy mother was warm and kind at birth
but over her breast thy feet have trodden
the days were before thee
the days will pass o'er thee
the cry of the heart alone shall remain.
(There is darkness)

End of the Mask.

JOYCE'S ULYSSES AND THE NOVEL

By Alec. Brown

JOYCE'S *Ulysses* is generally accepted as a most original contribution to the novel; even a landmark. It may be useful to examine the truth of this assertion; and, if we can, see in what the work is a landmark, what this landmark is significant of.

Ulysses is interestingly written; it grips. It is also long in comparison with the ordinary novel; and size, if it does not too much diminish quality, is impressive to us. But there are other novels which have achieved bulk together with a reasonably high level of quality; and there are many more still, even among works which are quite admittedly of lesser import and ephemeral, that grip the reader. That is the prime quality of the thriller, so that interestingness, as well as bulk, must be rejected as claims to originality or landmark quality.

That the mere bulk or the interestingness cannot be reasons for claiming the work as a landmark does not, though, necessarily mean that these qualities have not contributed something towards the resultant landmark quality. The reasons for that quality may be, but need not be, complex. But before we look for a complex reason we should examine possible simple reasons.

But before proceeding to what seems the crux of the matter, reference must be made to the pure form of the work. There has been some talk of the adoption by Joyce of a scheme, a framework, such as that rhythm employed in the *Odyssey*, which is a sequence of themes (somewhat rondo-fashion) in the development of a straight narration, similar to the rhythm that Professor Myres, in his book *Who were the Greeks*, analyses on some Greek pictorial vases. It is difficult to see how the use of such a framework, on which to build the exposition, say, of Bloom's twenty-four hours, can be regarded as an important innovation.

Such a framework cannot ever be originally just superimposed on a narration, any more than a skyscraper can be first built, and then a skeleton of iron girders applied to it, or a garden planted and sown, and then arranged in beds. In so far as Joyce has been successful, and the narration of *Ulysses* has for us that

quality of rigidity (or inevitableness, which is proper to a harmonised organism (as the inevitability of a well-bred racehorse which rules out large fetlocks or dromedarian humps) all we can say is that he found the Odyssean kind of scheme to be the way he viewed his material, or, in other words, his bias towards his raw material, or part of his real subject. That is, the Odyssean ordering is an integral part of the content of *Ulysses*; and, if we are not concerned with examining to what extent Joyce has succeeded in imparting the inevitability of organic harmony to his work, that is all we need to bother about it. Many a novelist, and every novelist of eminence, has used some such scheme, whether he has invented it (that is, used a special scheme proceeding from the given material of his novel) or whether he is inclined to find a ready-made scheme to be part of his conception of his material. It is, of course, very pretty and romantic to spread a legend of Joyce's having tinkered with coloured pencils, as his personal device for remembering where he was in his scheme of exposition of a very long novel, but it has no more to do with our problem, of how and in what Joyce's *Ulysses* is a landmark in literature, than possible observations that Joyce works best in the morning, or in a pink dressing-gown, or with his feet in a mixture of camel's milk and Veuve Clicquot. The suggestion which has been made, to the effect that in this adoption of the scheme of exposition of a great work of antiquity, there is some peculiar significance, is pure bunk.

We may now proceed to the proper subject of enquiry into a landmark in the novel, which proper subject is Joyce's treatment of narration, for the novel is first and foremost a matter of narration. There are, in *Ulysses*, four methods of narration employed, which on closer examination prove to be two methods, with a variation of each. The methods are—

1. Normal narration, or outer narration, the description of events as observed from outside;
2. Inner narration, or the provision of a succession of supposed revelations of the thoughts of an individual, a kind of soliloquy;
3. Drama; and
4. Questionnaire with answers.

If we look closer at these we shall see that the questionnaire

with answers is only a form of normal narration; while the drama is a mixture of normal and inner narration. Further, we may observe that whereas in the earlier part of the book we have alternation of normal narration and inner narration, a mixture of the two narrations, in the drama these are squeezed into an alloy. The questionnaire, in fact, which follows the drama, is really the first passage of uninterrupted outer narration. The soliloquy of Bloom's wife, on the other hand, is the sole passage of uninterrupted inner narration.

We may look for such innovation or other quality, which might be the main cause of the book's being regarded as a landmark, in either or each of the two main methods of narration, in which Joyce is clearly making some sort of trial. We may start with the case of normal, natural, or outer narration. Here it cannot be the drama, which is an alloy of inner and outer narration, which may be significant, but the questionnaire and answers. What can we say of this method of narration? It is exceedingly neat, and exceedingly economical. There is no doubt of that. Because, in Joyce's use, it is based directly on the habitual form of written examinations, it enables information to be crowded in (as when it is asked what happens when the faucet is opened in Bloom's scullery—answer as fully as possible!) which it would be otherwise absolutely unbalanced to include. But at the same time, it is so far removed from ordinary narration, that it is difficult to see how, without losing that ability to take in heterogeneous and unorganic informative material which proceeds from its examination paper parentage, it could become of very common use. It is a special device, quite proper in this particular story, because it allows of compendious detail, which is one of the important themes of *Ulysses*. But it is not a generally applicable device which leads us anywhere. And, if it does not lead us further in the novel, if it is a blind alley, it cannot in any important degree be the cause of *Ulysses* being a landmark.

There is another consideration to be taken into account here. The tendency of development of the novel has for some generations been away from normal outer narration. There are still outstanding examples of normal narration, but these are idiosyncratic, and the main current has flowed deeper and deeper into the narrow valley of character-probing and analysis of psychology. The reasons for this I have examined elsewhere;

it is the fact alone which is of importance here. For inner narration is the product of this analysis of psychology, and we find our first infiltration of it in the beginnings of the analytic treatment, as distinction from the depiction, of character. The point is that, since the tendency naturally is for further progress in the development of inner narration, we should naturally expect that any emphasis on outer narration should represent some attempt to get back to outer narration; an experimentation with an abandoned or misused medium. Joyce's consecration of 70 consecutive pages (out of a total 725) to an experiment in restoration of pure normal narration (as well as his adoption for the whole book of a scheme evolved for pure normal narration) naturally leads us to conclude that some uneasiness regarding the state of narration did inspire him. We must, nevertheless, shake our heads sadly, if any hopes of a way out to such restoration were pinned on such a cul-de-sac as the examination paper method of exposition.

There remains the inner narration, that is to say, speaking in particular, Joyce's treatment and development of that narration which has of late generations insidiously invaded the novel; and in this century usurped the major part of the field. We have already remarked that Joyce's interesting but unfertile experiment in outer narration occupies 71 pages of his book. The section of mixed inner and outer narration occupies 402 pages; the section of alloyed inner and outer narration occupies 158 pages; the final section of pure inner narration occupies 42 pages. Let us not lose sight of the fact that this concluding 5.8 per cent. of pure inner narration gains added importance by being the finale of the book.

But there is one more fact of importance to be taken count of. In the mixed narration section, and the alloyed narration section, which ingredient is the more important? In the mixed section, does the inner narration help the outer, or is the outer there to support, give verisimilitude to, the inner? In the alloyed section, is the addition of inner narration to bring out a more significant outer narration, or *vice versa*? In short, is *the general bias* of either of these sections inner or outer? The answer can be given without hesitation. In the mixed section it is the normal outer narration that supports the main purpose of inner narration. In the alloyed section the dramatic presentation is not for any

purpose of elucidating what Bloom and Dedalus did in whore-town, but of elucidating their mental state. Here again, even more obviously than in the initial mixed section, normal outer narration is there only as servant to the main purpose of inner narration.

We thus arrive at a more accurate division of the narration used in *Ulysses*, because we now see the bias in each section. The questionnaire, which at first glance appears to be a special form, proves to be not only the only pure outer narration, but moreover the sole passage primarily concerned with outer, normal narration. The two sections which partly make use of outer narration prove to be primarily concerned with inner narration. The mere percentage of space occupied with pure outer narration (and that in a special limited form of it) is only 9.8 per cent. of the whole. Though it is difficult to give an objective figure of the relative intensity of importance of any passage, as against the whole, this limitation is surely significant. It is true that the sole passage of pure inner narration occupies only 5.8 per cent. of the book; but we have already noted the additional weight it gains by its position at the end; and we should properly add to it, in estimation of space given over to inner narration, the drama passage, out of which no light on real outer narration proceeds. This would give us a figure of 28 per cent. for inner narration, a figure which ignores the significance of the conclusion of the book on a note of pure inner narration, and leaves out of count the bias of the passage of mixed narration, which occupies 55 per cent. of the book. We can state with complete assurance that *Ulysses* is properly, in spite of the questionnaire section, a study in inner narration, and not in narration in general. Joyce has been concerned with pushing forward the development of inner narration as far as within his power. Since inner narration has for considerable time been increasingly the preoccupation of the novel, we may conclude that it is in Joyce's handling of inner narration that we shall find landmark innovation. Let us then look at Joyce's handling of inner narration, in each of the three sections devoted to it, and see what there is to be found of landmark nature.

There is this observation to be made at the outset. In such narration as the initial section of mixed outer and inner narration, just as the point of the interpolations of outer narrations is not merely to inform us of what the character represented as

thinking the surrounding material is actually doing (for that would be to aid the purpose of normal narration) but is a means to the enhancement of the verisimilitude of that character, as a means of procuring the verisimilitude of the thoughts arbitrarily put into his mind by the author. Thus we have not merely the outer information, on page 56, that Bloom is on his way to the butcher's (which, be it noted, we get mainly by inference), but we have the information about the position of the frying-pan on the fire, as on page 60 in the lines 'he took off the kettle and crushed the pan flat on the live coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt.' This information is of absolutely no interest or importance, except as enhancement of the verisimilitude of Bloom the thinking figure.

But where outer narration is used to maintain verisimilitude of inner narration, it is a likely corollary that inner narration may, or even should, assist to maintain some bounds of verisimilitude of itself. In the very first place, no amount of bolstering and plastering with outer narration will preserve us from failure of verisimilitude, and therefore from failure of persuasiveness, if we put into the man's mind, in an interval of time definitely limited by the bolstering outer narration, of considerably more flow of concatenated thoughts than seems feasible. A little straining of the bonds may be not merely permissible, but at times even pleasurable, just as motoring at high speed along dangerous mountain roads may (provided tyres are good, wood spokes not shrunk, passengers not scary, exposed corners not likely to be unexpectedly icebound, and so on) be much pleasanter than ambling along a bypass in England after the rush hour is over. But if a certain limit is exceeded the straining breaks the bonds, and the whole business collapses.

Defining how much concatenated thought can pass through a man's mind in a given time begs too many psychological problems to be entered on here; especially as there is little doubt but that the things as things do not pass through a mind but are all there at once in unformed raw state, and only become a temporal or causal logical sequence when they are named. But whatever may or may not be theoretically possible, there is a limit to what seems *likely* to be thought in a given time. That limitation is as much or more concerned with the range of thought, or the variety of things which, organically connected, may be named

from the given field of consciousness (that is, by the given individual) as with the actual number of separate elements or namings in a logical sequence.

The dream caused by an interruption of sleep may exemplify this. Complete description of such incidents as a complicated visit to a boiler-riveting shop, where the din that agonises us is being produced, but about which we need not bother, may take up a great deal of space when described and written down. That is because our description is really a waking invention; really nothing more than a sequence of laryngeal activities linked up with the particular tone of noise which nearly wakened us. But in all that long description we know there is a large residue which seems permissible to us, as occurring in a short time 'in our thoughts' as a logical sequence of closely connected events. Some of the reflections of Bloom are of this order, as when he passes, on glancing at a sheet of newspaper with a picture of cattle, to 'A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattle-market, the beasts lowing in their pens, branded sheep, flop and full of dung, the breeders in hob-nailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a ripe-meated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands.' Here we could merely say that the bonds of verisimilitude are strained. But when we pass from 'Soda-chapped hands, crusted toenails too' directly to 'brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways' (another example from the same page 57) we see that the range of thought is too large by far.

This, I repeat, probably does not arise at all from limitation of the amount of material which may be suggested to pass through the mind in a given time, but partly from the lack of likelihood of the range of thought. It becomes a difficulty arising from essential disagreement of inner and outer narration, when used together in a mixture. While the inner narration keeps within certain bounds of *range*, which are in the last resort bounds of pertinence to the outer narration (since, on page 57, we do not think it likely that Bloom, watching the girl swish out of the butcher's shop, would think of scapulars—it does not fit at all) the outer narration does serve to support and strengthen the inner narration. This is really but another facet of a condition of things in which the inner narration is only an augmentation of the outer narration, when the psychological insight, as it once was, is limited to illumination of the outer action.

But that is not the case in *Ulysses*. Here inner narration is the main consideration, and when inner narration becomes the prime consideration, all effort to bolster up the inner narration, by snippets of outer narration, as in the first four hundred odd pages of the book, is vain and illusory. All that happens is that a conflict is produced which does more harm than any incidental intended good, and even destroys the whole structure.

The drama section and the soliloquy of Mrs. Bloom present two attempts to find a way out of the difficulty of this conflict. They constitute two different degrees, with increasing intensity, while relinquishing any pretence of normal, outer narration, of frankly allowing the inner aspect to dominate. But in the case of the drama, which properly derives from Elizabethan melodramatic forms, in which, as in outstanding examples such as *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, unreal projections are allowed by convention side by side with real figures, we really have a definite side-tracking of the problem. It will be sufficient for the purpose of this study to indicate that in reality all the characters involved (even Bloom and Dedalus) are mere embodiments of certain lines of thought, dramatisations of analysed thought. The outer narration, the stage directions and the speeches which maintain a thread of action (necessary for verisimilitude) all are manipulations of inner material. Though this drama section is a special form, quite outside the boundaries of the novel (or narration) it may be considered to play a part in *Ulysses*, firstly because as a whole it continues the outer narration, and secondly, because it carried the development of inner narration a little farther, and serves to emphasize Joyce's bias towards inner narration in the novel as a whole.

The third attempt to bring the use of inner narration to a logical summit is that final section of the novel, which gives us Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy. Here, and here alone, is inner narration brought to its logical use, not as mere assistant of proper narration, but as creation of a new form. There is no frame work of outer narration at all in the soliloquy. The only outer narration is *our own supposition*, such as that Mrs. Bloom's musings take place while she is lying in bed on the morning with which she began the book. But she may be standing, or kneeling, or sitting down. We are told nothing of that, and it is all absolutely unimportant. And although the soliloquy, the sequence of

thoughts concatenated not according to a logical factual development, but by Mrs. Bloom's own associations, goes on for 42 pages, we never feel loss of verisimilitude, because the only verisimilitude is that proceeding at the moment from concatenated thoughts. Where no initial starting point of outer narration is given, no loss of it can arise. The tables of narration are completely overturned. Insight into thoughts of a character originally appeared as a kind of excrescence on normal outer narration. But as the conditions determining the devices of art change, so was it inevitable for the economic causes of interest turning to our inner workings, to result in the climacteric of Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, the first great piece of pure inner narration in English.

We have now come to a *result* of *Ulysses* which may prove, not at all because of any bulk or thrillingness, or even notoriety, but because of its special merits, to be a landmark. Joyce, in *Ulysses*, brought inner narration to such a point that by its destruction of normal, or outer, narration was finally completed. But out of the ruins come two things: an awareness of the dangerously corroding action of inner narration, which may make a healthy normal narration possible, and the possibility of a special new form, the prime purpose of which is not to narrate. In short, Joyce has shown that inner narration is not narration at all, but either an adjunct to proper narration or a new thing.

It is curious, indeed, that this culmination of the first age of the novel, in the triumph of inner narration, came just at the point where the main interest of mankind is no longer in individual matters, but social matters. But it is curious only on first thoughts, for on closer examination we see how characteristic of the development of a form this is. We may throw further light on the significance of *Ulysses* as a landmark, for we may note, in conclusion, that in this final destruction of the novel which contained the canker of inner narration we have merely the final throes of individualistic narrative art. It is necessary to destroy in order to rebuild; Joyce helps destroy the bourgeois novel; it remains for others to rebuild.

It may be suspected that the fragments of *Work in Progress* which have already appeared are part of Joyce's further attempts to develop narration—presumably along inner, really non-narrational lines. The fragments, indeed, do appear to be in a form which is certainly not the novel, which certainly has none

but an illusive concern with narration, and proceeds from that land which is probably not only incognita, but even mythical—the mind. But it would be neither fair nor profitable to treat of mere fragments of a whole in the question of style. The most we can do at present is examine the mere language of them, for it is very striking. But when we do this it appears that, in his eagerness to develop inner narration farther than its ultimate expression (as in Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy) Joyce has quagmired himself on an excursion which is not an excursion in narration at all, but a mere function of the English language, as used by a Dublin man who has sojourned some time in Central Europe; and that is a problem, not of style or narration, but of linguistics, which can better be dealt with elsewhere.

ARCHBISHOP KING

By J. M. Hone

THE name of William King is familiar to all who have read the story of Swift's life, as well as to students of the history of the Irish Protestant Church, but not nowadays to many others. No one has written a biography of this man,¹ who, however, was a philosopher of some note and also a leading figure in Ireland during the critical period in Irish history which immediately preceded and immediately followed the accession of George I., and was marked by the intervention of the author of *Gulliver's Travels*. It is not that there is any lack of material. King's letters from 1680 to 1722, which have been numbered in alphabetical order, fill a shelf of large volumes in the Trinity College Library, where there is also a catalogue of King MSS.—and this in spite of the fact that masses of the Archbishop's "literary remains" were scattered at his death in 1729. Papers relating to King, then in the possession of a member of Parliament for County Dublin, were presented many years ago to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which published a selection of the correspondence, including fifteen letters from Addison to King, with a report by Gilbert, the historian of Dublin; and it may be confidently assumed that all extant letters which passed between King and Swift have been brought to light by Elrington Ball and the other Swiftian investigators. For the rest, the author of a *Life of King* would have at his disposal the Archbishop's various political writings, his metaphysical treatise *De Origine Male* (but this perhaps would dismay him), King's own account of his life, an autobiography and the diary which he kept when a prisoner in the Castle during the period of James II's Irish Parliament. Both autobiography and diary have been published. The autobiography, originally written in Latin, was bequeathed to the Archbishop's kinsman, Robert King of Lissen Hall, Swords, and then lent to a certain Rev. John Walker, who passed it on to the Armagh Public Library, where it still lies.

King, who came of a Scottish and Presbyterian family recently settled in Ireland, was born in 1650. He was a boy at school during the last days of Cromwell's rule in Ireland when

¹ Sir Charles Simeon King's *A Great Archbishop of Dublin, William King, D.D.*, contains King's own autobiography and a short selection of his correspondence.

the religious state of the Protestants was such, so he tells us in his autobiography, that there was not one of his companions who "even offered prayer to God, nor could they offer it (openly), since all forms of prayer were banished." The passage shows that, in spite of his Presbyterian origins, King's early loyalties were those not of the new Planters and Adventurers of the Parliamentary army, but of the older Protestant settlers whose attachments were to the Episcopalian Church in alliance with the Crown. Ussher, although *persona grata* with Cromwell, had not succeeded in obtaining permission for the use of Church services under the Protectorate; and even Presbyterianism had been discouraged on the ground that persons of "pious life and conversation," qualified with gifts for preaching, would sufficiently maintain religion. The autobiography is chiefly devoted to a record of public conditions; but its most interesting passage is of a personal nature, the description of how King came as a youth, as it were simultaneously, to the practice of diligence and to firm religious convictions. Though he had been brought up in a devout household, he had a keen awareness of the possible delights and pleasures of this world: therefore it occurred to him one day that he would do well to make a thorough examination of the claims of religion, so as to enable him to decide once for all whether the hope of future happiness promised by Christianity had a ground of certainty so absolute as to justify him in reason and common sense from not going off upon the racket.

"I determined with myself to examine religion from its foundations; for, when present delights and pleasures, with all their advantages and pleasures, had been denied for the sake of religion, I considered it just that I should enquire, whether the hope of future happiness was built upon so firm foundations, that for its sake I should be willing to renounce the present pleasures of this life."

The answer to his enquiry he found to be in the emphatic affirmative. But his resolve had another effect, that of giving him the habit of study and hard work: naturally enough, seeing that he had first to read enormously, not only of all that had been written for and against Christianity, but of all that had been written on the claims of the various Churches to represent Christianity in its purity. He had been previously the despair of his teachers and a scandal for his habits of idleness.

Theological utilitarianism has never revealed itself more candidly ! It is not the philosophy of a saint ; but King made no pretence of saintliness. He was a man of the world, who yet lived austere, and even those who found moral ambiguity in certain of his political actions, did not charge him with the motive of monetary gain—

Your hand alone from gold abstains
Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Thus Swift wrote of King in 1708, praising him for the time which he spent on building churches, in repairing his palace and for his acts of hospitality and philanthropy.

After working for many years as a clergyman in Mayo, King came to Dublin in 1679 as Chancellor of St. Patrick's and Rector of St. Werburgh. From there he witnessed the changes brought about in Ireland at James II's accession, the remodelling of the army, magistracy and judicial bench in a sense favourable to the Catholics, but these events did not cause him at once to alter his views on the wickedness and folly of all resistance to established government. The duty of absolute obedience even to unjust law had been preached by the majority of the clergy and Bishops of the established Church in Ireland, who still remembered Cromwell with horror, and were therefore partial throughout Charles II's reign to the theological doctrine of the Divine Right of the monarch. Moreover, James II's deputy, Tyrconnell, did not impede the Protestant clergy in the discharge of their religious duties, nor cause them to suffer any personal molestation. It was only, it seems, after events in England had taken a decided turn against James that King made himself known as a leading critic of the Irish Government of King James II, and became suspected of conspiracy. He was charged with no overt act, but found himself twice a prisoner in Dublin Castle, first in 1688, and then in 1690, when the Williamite troops were approaching Dublin. In the interval he left St. Werburghs for the Deanery of St. Patrick, where he acted as *locum tenens* for the Protestant Archbishop, who had fled the country. After the Williamite victory, when he was rewarded with the Bishopric of Derry, he wrote his famous pamphlet, the *State of the Protestants in Ireland*, which has been the chief source of authority for the Whig historians like Macaulay who have held up James' doings in Ireland, and the

conduct of his Irish army and Parliament, to execration. The pamphlet was attacked by Leslie of Glasslough, the non-juror, a supporter of the Jacobite but not of the Irish Catholic cause, as an utter misrepresentation of what had occurred. Leslie's object was to show that King had abandoned principle for expediency after William's successful descent upon England; and Lecky—and was there ever a more impartial writer?—seems to agree that King had been before that time a champion of the doctrine of non-resistance in its most rigid form. The *State of the Protestants*, says Lecky, is open to grave suspicion as an even fairly accurate report just because it is so evidently the work of a writer who needed to justify himself for going over to a new government and therefore tended to paint the old in the worst possible colours.

Hereafter King successfully maintained the character of a Whig High Churchman. He was a Church Tory in that he continued to oppose the growth of the power of the Dissenters and free thinkers in the reigns of William and Anne, sharing in this way the attitude of Swift, who also justified on Church grounds the Revolution of 1688. The first important contact between King and Swift arose out of the latter's attempt in 1704 to do something in London for the benefit of the poorer Irish clergy, who suffered, in comparison with their English brethren, because tithes were still payable to the Crown in Ireland. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in his recent biography of Swift,¹ which contains much vivid re-creation of Swift's Dublin and of his Irish activities, says that he has no hesitation in numbering King among the Dean's friends. Yet he admits that the two could never have been congenial, and allows that the remark attributed by Orrery to Swift, "I hate him as I hate garlic," has the genuine ring about it. They had several ends in common, including the support of the "Irish interest" and the encouragement of native manufactures. King did not forget the weavers among whom he had lived when rector of St. Werburgh. Their business had been all but ruined by the English commercial legislation of William's reign, which event made King, in the words of a Lord-Lieutenant, "to a ridiculous extent, national."

Almost from the beginning, however, there were troubles

¹ *The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift*. By Stephen Gwynn. 18s. net.

between the two men. King, when Bishop of Derry, refused to accept a proposal that Swift should go to that town as Dean. He said, probably with some truth, that the candidate was too young, sprightly and ingenious for the place, and that he would be continually flying back and forth to London. He had even the temerity later on, when Swift was at the height of his London literary success, to advise his correspondent to settle down to some serious work, such as a theological treatise! Later on, they began to differ about politics. Swift, the adviser of the Tory ministry of Harley and Bolingbroke, was wont to ridicule Irish Protestant fears of the possibility of a Jacobite restoration. The Archbishop explained to him that party politics were dead earnest in Ireland, however it might be across the water. He preferred to see the anti-clerical Whigs in office rather than take the slightest risk of the land settlements being undone, a risk that existed so long as the English Tories did not declare themselves to be unambiguous supporters of the Hanoverian succession. The Irish Primacy fell vacant, and King was a candidate; Swift prevented his appointment, befriending the claims of an English Tory, although on general grounds he held that an Irishman should always have the offer of an Irish place. It was perhaps not unnatural that when the Whig triumph came, King did little or nothing to remove the impression of the Irish government and Protestant mob that Swift has been engaged in Jacobite intrigue. He even teased the unhappy Dean on the subject, writing to him from London a short time after George I's accession as follows: "We have a strong report that my Lord Bolingbroke will be pardoned, certainly it will not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you."¹

Once more, however, Archbishop and Dean were able to collaborate fruitfully, when Swift appeared as the patriot of the Drapier's letters. There was indeed no time when they ceased to respect each other; perhaps because each had some little fear of the other. "Setting aside the special gift of genius," the

¹ c.f. *Jonathan Swift. A Critical Essay* by W. D. Taylor. (London: Peter Davies), Mr. Taylor reminds us that King was very angry at Swift's appointment to the Deanery, consoling himself with the reflection that he would do less mischief than he would have done as a Bishop. King, who was one of the Lord Justices had Swift's letters opened, and when Swift protested, the Archbishop with a sneer said that he had been very kind in preventing worse things from happening. It is certainly surprising that King escaped the lash of the Dean's terrible satire.

Archbishop was, says Mr. Gwynn, Swift's only Irish equal in intellect and judgment ; but it may be that the equality resided chiefly in power of character. King does not seem to have been particularly judicious. Contemporary accounts describe him as indiscreet and subject to ungovernable tempers. He made enemies unnecessarily, and became the subject of unjust dislikes ; the only intimate description we have of him is decidedly unprepossessing (it was written, however, by a woman, who is known to have been given to hysterical language). King is here said to have been " an old monster " and a " purpled brute, with devilish eyes." The indiscretion of King is plain to see in his dealings with Swift, especially in that letter which insinuated that Bolingbroke, whom he knew to be an object of Swift's devotion, was ready to betray friends. His ungovernable temper came out in the affair of Christ Church Chapter, with whom he picked a quarrel at the very instant that he was constituted Archbishop. The issue was some innovation in ecclesiastical procedure ; and when his will was resisted by the English Bishop of Kildare, King excommunicated the Dean of Christ Church and prepared for a pitched battle in the streets. Yet he also gave many instances of a good heart. He raised his voice against the more tyrannous of the Penal Laws. When Vanessa died, he collected together the whole Irish posse in order to protect Swift against malicious pamphleteers. In some interesting passages of his correspondence he appears as perhaps the earliest critic of negro slavery.

He is buried in the little cemetery of Donnybrook village ; but his grave is unmarked and unknown. Of his episcopal Palace, on which he lavished much attention, only fragments are now to be seen, the old balustrades on the staircase, and the coved ceilings. What remained of the seventeenth century magnificence was long since reconstructed, and is now incorporated in St. Kevin's Police Station, an undistinguished looking building near Marsh's Library, just across the street from the red-brick deanery of Swift. The passer-by notes only the two fine pillars of the gateway before the barrack yard.

AN IRISH CONSTITUTIONALIST AND AN IRISH REVOLUTIONIST

By Padraic Colum.

I.—EDMUND BURKE

THE mind of Edmund Burke is like a great house magnificently and completely furnished but furnished at the instance of a single inmate. Everything is there that that particular inmate has need of, but if anything else is there it is not shown. The idea of order—it is that that occupies as a single inmate his capacious and coherent mind. “Good order is the foundation of all good things” he says in his “Reflections on the French Revolution,” and what he says there as a copy-book maxim he has been saying all his articulate life. That he had a single idea and not a congress of ideas is nothing to complain about: that he held that idea with fervour and illustrated it with persuasiveness, power and skill is what matters to us.

Goldsmith was in France in the same period as Burke was there. He saw game running tame in the environs of Paris, and he knew this for a sign, not of social security but of social decay. Burke would not have noticed the hares and partridges, and if he had he would not have come to any conclusion about their enlargement. Carlyle, contemplating the completed revolution whose beginning and middle aroused such abhorrence in Burke cried, “For Nature though everywhere green is built on dread foundations, and Pan to whose music the nymphs dance has a cry in him . . . that can drive all men distracted. Burke never looked for these dread foundations and never listened for that distracting cry. He had wisdom without shrewdness, but he had wisdom; he had vision without variety, but he had vision. He thought of the state as an organism whose future could only be in terms of its past. If that organism suffered violence, if it had to strive drastically against evils that threatened it, it was in danger of dissolution. Order to Burke meant the possibility of growth through gradual change; it was a living order and not a level of changelessness such as Castlereagh or Metternich stood for:—

By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government

and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstitions of the antiquarian, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Such an order would not be unchanging. "A state without the means of change is without the means of conservation."

The propertyless communist state with its deliberate breach with the past, could he have foreseen it, would have appalled Burke. But only a little less horrifying to him would have been the Fascist state. It is true that such a state preserves—indeed glorifies—a national memory, but it stands for a concentration of power, functioning through one and not through several naturally-developed and connected organs.* The state's activity

* Mussolini's declaration that, besides being the guarantee of exterior and interior security, the state was also the guardian and transmitter of the peoples' spirit as it has formed itself in the course of centuries, "in language, in customs and in faith," would be well-received by Burke. But this other declaration of his would cause the eighteenth-century statesman a good deal of dismay. "The state; an absolute; individuals and groups are only relative to it; it includes all human activity."

should be a harmony of efforts made by different parts. In that troubled testament of his, "Reflections on the French Revolution" (from which the previous passage has been quoted) he told his correspondent that in their old-time states the French:—

Possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counter-action, which, in the natural and political word, from the reciprocal struggle of discordent powers, draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a voluntary check to all precipitate resolutions. . . . Through the diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders, whilst by pressing down the whole by the weight of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping, and starting from their allotted places.

Holding the idea of a living, tissue growth, revolution was abhorrent to him. And the French revolution was doubly abhorrent because its promoters wanted to mould society upon an abstraction—The Rights of Man. Doctrinaires and their abstract social conceptions were hated by him for he could not tolerate the idea of society being resolved into "the organic *moleculæ* of a disbanded people." To-day, when the men of dialectic bear down upon us, we should remind ourselves of Burke's counter-statements—perhaps of this one which is also given in "Reflections on the French Revolution."—

These metaphysical rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by the laws of nature, refracted from the straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible com-

plexity, and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs.

Revolutions were unnecessary evils, but Burke was attached to a party that promoted a revolution—the Revolution of English History—and whose lease of power came from that operation. That revolution was only a very little revolution, he explains—it was, in fact, a restoration. Burke, when he deals with the origins of the Whig party reminds one of Boccaccio's story of the Jew converted to Catholicism: he announces his intention of visiting Rome; he will certainly revert, his converter believes, when he has a near view of the higher churchmen. But Solomon is confirmed in his faith; only a church founded for eternity, he concludes, could survive the self-indulgence of those who were in its highest positions. And only a party in whom was deposited the proper understanding of British constitutionalism could have got rid of the second James and brought in William and Mary without any breach of the constitution. The Revolution was justified because the Whigs carried it through, and the Whigs were justified because they carried it through with hardly a strain on the constitution. As he examines the acts of the promoters of the Revolution his faith in a developing constitution waxes stronger. He becomes so enthusiastic that for once he is indiscriminating in the use of an adjective. "That immortal law!" he exclaims as he reads over the Declaration of Right, paying homage to those law-givers whose "penetrating style has engraved in our ordinances and in our hearts, the words and spirit of that immortal law." No writer ever used adjectives less wildly than Burke; to attend to his sentences is to get to understand how meaningful an adjective can be. But when he becomes, as in this instance, an apologist, he lapses into the enthusiasm of any doctrinaire.

It marks him of a period as does his reference to the man of none or of little property. I need not quote that inconceivable sentence of his which made him a fair mark for the defenders of the French Revolution—that sentence in which hope in a better world is offered as a consolation prize to those who have failed to acquire property in this. But I shall have to quote a sentence that shows how the man of little or no property was looked on by this really liberal political philosopher. "You would have

had," he says to the French, "a free constitution; a potent monarchy; a disciplined army; a reformed and venerated clergy; a mitigated but spirited nobility to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons to emulate and recruit that nobility; you would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction, which by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walks of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove."

This was written, we must remember, before the United States and Republican France had put the democratic state into action. Burke, one supposes, thought that in the developing society which he envisaged the classes "destined to travel in the obscure walks of laborious life" would have their condition constantly improved. Development for him could not be at the pace that it is for us; our dynamic society could not be conceived of by a man who, gaining inch by inch his position by closely knit argument, made speeches to Parliament lasting five hours.

Well, then, what has Burke to offer our metropolitan, industrial, heartless society as a philosophy of adjustment and progress? Something surely, inasmuch as all visions of society held fervently by men of disciplined genius has something for us. Burke, I think, has more to offer us than most of these philosophers. A society fully conscious of its past, that functions, not through one but through several organs, and that maintains a balance of powers within itself—that is not an unworthy nor an unworkable idea of society. And at present, when abstractions and revolutions in the name of abstractions are the order of the day, it is well to think on this vision of a flesh and blood society that has progenitors and posterity, and to hold to the humanity of it as against "the organic *molecularae* of a disbanded people" which is being offered us by so many able and earnest people to-day.

"He gave to a party what was meant for mankind"—we all remember Goldsmith's pithy characterization of Burke. It is true as far as it goes—that is as far as it was intended to go in

a squib. But Goldsmith would have known that what was meant for mankind comes to mankind sooner or later. Burke's statements are our possession although we have no interest in the party that had his allegiance when he made them. Those speeches and dissertations we can read for the splendidly sustained argument that always tends to some humane conclusion, for their dramatic force that triumphs over statistics even, for the strong feeling that is in them, for the sense of words pronounced and heard that comes through them. Burke being an orator was necessarily a good deal of an actor and a dramatist. This friend of Garrick's, this lover of Shakespeare was more of a dramatist in his utterance than the other orators of his time. He laboured to improve one dramatic element in his utterance—he worked to come closer and closer to a living speech. Cicero was his master, of course. But what he singled out for praise was that element in Cicero's work which made his utterance "like good conversation." He did not know the Greek dramatists, but he wanted to compose like those dramatic writers who got their effects through the building up of forcible speech—the writers of the Latin Comedy, Plautus and Terence. As I read passages of Burke now I think of a chorus in a Greek play. . . . Momentous events are being decided and a chorus of old men is outside the state-house. The leader speaks and his utterance is grave and measured.—

Not Peace through the medium of War; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire. . . . It is simple Peace: sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts—it is Peace sought in the spirit of Peace, and laid in principles purely pacific.

The Queen of France had been for him a symbol of order in Europe. Now when that order is falling to pieces he gives vent to an utterance that is more significant for us if we think of it as arising from a mythical and not an historical event—as if it were part of a chorus from some such play as "The Persians."

Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart have I to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she

should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

Like a passage from another chorus is the vision of rising empire which he had already uttered :—

Already they have topped the Apalachian mountains. From thence they behold before them an immense plain, one vast, rich, level meadow ; a square of five hundred miles. Over this they would wander without a possibility of restraint ; they would change their manners with the habits of their life ; would soon forget a government by which they were disowned ; would become hordes of English Tartars ; and pouring down on your unfortified frontiers a fierce and irresistible cavalry, become masters of your Governors and your Councillors, your collectors and controllers, and of all the slaves that adhered to them.

The last words in the “ Reflections on the French Revolution ” are such as the leader of the chorus of old men might use when he recognised the end of the order to which his whole being was bound ; they have a noble humility and they rise to the dignity of prophecy. “ I have told you candidly my sentiments. I

think they are not likely to alter yours. I do not know that they ought. You are young ; you cannot guide, but you must follow the fortune of your country. But hereafter they may be of some use to you, in some future form which your commonwealth may take. In the present it can hardly remain ; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, ' through great varieties of untried being,' and in all its transmutations to be purified by fire and blood."

2.—JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

Padraic Pearse spoke of the evangelists of Irish Nationalism, and he named the four as Wolfe Tone, Thomas Davis, John Mitchel and James Fintan Lalor. The gospel of Irish Nationalism according to each of the first three is easily procured—the " Auto-biography " of Wolfe Tone, the " Jail Journal " of Mitchel, and the " Essays " of Thomas Davis.

The gospel according to James Fintan Lalor is not so accessible, and it must be confessed that neither in the literary quality of his work nor its actual bulk is Lalor the writer a peer of the men that Padraic Pearse associated him with. Wolfe Tone, Mitchel and Davis were really men of letters. James Fintan Lalor was a journalist. His journalism was not carried on for any length of time, for the Government suppressed his paper " The Irish Felon " before it had been well started. Arrested while attempting to organize an agrarian revolt in Tipperary he was kept in jail until his health broke down completely. He was released to die. James Fintan Lalor was a hunchback and was consumptive.

But while Lalor is not important as a literary figure he is most important as a revolutionist—the most important revolutionary thinker that Ireland has produced. He may not live by a page of his writings as Mitchel may live. But he lives by many an aphorism scattered through these writings. He is properly a maker of aphorisms, of maxims, of talismanic watchwords. The one sentence of his that is really remembered in Ireland is properly an aphorism—" not the constitution that Wolfe Tone died to abolish, but the constitution Tone died to obtain"—independence. And one might glean from his writings an array

of aphorisms that should have their place in a Revolutionist's Handbook :—

Every question is little until someone makes it great.

It is easier to convince a million men than a single man.

It is never the mass of the people that forms its real and efficient strength—it is the men by whom the mass is moved and managed.

Wisdom knows that in national action littleness is more fatal than the wildest rashness.

Hitler has created a revolution in Germany by believing in and acting on just such maxims.

We speak of Wolfe Tone and John Mitchel as the foremost revolutionists of the past. Certainly these two were thorough revolutionists; they had the appreciation of means and ends and the real moderation of the capable revolutionist. This seems an odd thing to say of Mitchel, for the popular idea is that he called upon an unarmed and famished people to face armed and drilled men. But, as Arthur Griffith pointed out in his introduction to the "Jail Journal," Mitchel merely asserted that the people should hold the harvest in the famine year, that they should pay no rent or poor rate, and that they should boycott those who did; that they should resist distraintment and eviction, that they should arm and use their arms when they could do so effectively. This was a policy that could have been carried out by unarmed or partially armed men. And the part relating to non-payment of rent and poor rate, to boycotting and resistance to eviction was suggested to Mitchel by James Fintan Lalor.

The suggestion was in Lalor's letter "To the Irish Confederate and Repeal Clubs" written in January 1847. It was too sweeping for the Clubs but it met with Mitchel's approval. Mitchel wrote to Lalor that he meant to act on his suggestion "as soon as occasion should fit and serve." And it was in that letter to the Clubs that he riddled the whole agitation for the Repeal of the Union and prophesied that the question of Irish self-government could never be forced towards a solution until it was linked up with something that had actual driving power. He was able to point out the engine that could drag on the legislative question. That engine was a land agitation—"an engine ready made too," he wrote, "one that will generate its own steam without cost or

care—a self-acting engine, if once the fire be kindled—and the fuel to kindle, the sparks for the kindling are everywhere. Repeal will always have to be dragged. This I speak of will carry itself, as the cannon ball carries itself down the hill.”

Lalor prophesied an agrarian revolution not only for Ireland, but for every civilised country. He wrote for Ireland, but he knew that secret agencies would bear his words to other regions—“ I hold and I maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people of that country, and is the rightful property, not of any one class, but of the nation at large, in full effective possession, to let to whom they will on whatever tenures, terms, rents, services and conditions they will ; one condition, however, being unavoidable and essential—the condition that the tenant shall bear full, true, and undivided fealty and allegiance to the nation, and the laws of the nation, whose lands he holds, and own no allegiance to any other prince, power or people.”

The justification of this sweeping policy is in another sentence—“ I hold further and firmly believe that the enjoyment by the people of this right of first ownership in the soil is essential to the vigour and vitality of all other rights ; to their validity, efficacy and value, to their secure possession and safe exercise.” He urged, not Ireland alone, but all the nations to lay deep and strong “ the only foundation that is firm under the foot of a nation—a secure and independent agricultural peasantry. A secure and independent agricultural peasantry is the only base on which a people ever rises or can be raised, or on which a nation can safely rest.” Is all this not endorsed by the staying power of France to-day—France the land of a secure and independent agricultural peasantry ?

Lalor saw that it was not any political constitution—that it was the established social order that really affected the people of a country. “ Political rights are but parchment,” Lalor wrote. “ It is the social constitution that determines the condition of a people, that makes and moulds the life of a man.” Æ’s “ Co-operation and Nationality ” and “ The National Being ” are inspired developments of just this idea.

What makes James Fintan Lalor an important—perhaps the most important Irish Revolutionist is that he was able to perceive the weak spot in the British domination of Ireland and that he directed the whole power of his intellectual being at

striking at that spot. There were eight thousand landowners in Ireland when he wrote—they were made up of the descendants of the conquerors or of renegades from the conquered. If the tenant-farmers of Ireland refused to pay rent to them England would have to abandon the landowners or send her armies to snatch Irish harvests. The struggle with the landowners would generate power for a further struggle. "I saw clearly," he wrote, "that the reconquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the reconquest of our lands—would not necessarily involve or produce that of our lands and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the reconquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes; and could possibly, if not easily, be achieved." "I selected as the mode of re-conquest to refuse payment of rent, and to resist process of ejectment." Thirty years after Lalor's time Michael Davitt created the organisation that carried out Lalor's idea; he and Parnell yoked the legislative to the agrarian issue—the engine, which as Lalor prophesied, would generate power of itself.

Lalor told Charles Gavan Duffy that what he had in his mind dwarfed Repeal into a petty parish question. The movement which he wanted to see started was one "in which Ireland may not alone try her own right, but try the right of the world." It was a movement "in which she would be, not merely an asserter of old principles, often asserted and better asserted before her, an humble and feeble imitator and follower of other countries, but an original inventor, propounder and propagandist, in the van of the earth and heading the nations." Ireland nor the world did not heed his message in his own time. Later on it was given form and movement in Lalor's own country. With Mitchel the idea passed over to America and propagated itself there. "It has come back upon Europe," said Standish O'Grady, "advertising itself as 'Progress and Poverty.' Lalor's idea, now well-clad, that is to say well-printed, well-bound, less Irish and more nice, possibly, but beyond question robust and vehement, walks abroad everywhere to-day." "Progress and Poverty," the gospel of the single-tax is by Henry George.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

VICTORIAN NOVELISTS.

VICTORIAN LADY NOVELISTS. George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, the Bronte Sisters.
By Morris L. Parrish. (Constable. 42s. net).

The collection of Victorian first editions, association copies and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Morris L. Parrish, of Pine Valley, New Jersey, is famous on both sides of the Atlantic. For quality and completeness it has no rival, and it was a happy thought on the part of its owner to compile a bibliographical list of that part of the collection which comprises the names of the most famous women writers of the Victorian period—George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and the Bronte sisters.

Mr. Parrish is modest about his book. "The following pages," he says in a foreword, "are not to be regarded as bibliographical; they are simply descriptions of first editions that are in the library at Dormy House." But the achievement is so much better than the promise that collectors will not only be content, but grateful, to accept Mr. Parrish's work as a very satisfying bibliography of the writers concerned. It gives us detailed descriptions of all the books of George Eliot in first editions and includes some later editions of interest; of everything by Mrs. Gaskell save two minor but very elusive publications; and of everything by the Brontes save the later privately-printed pamphlets. We are also given numerous autograph letters (some of which are reproduced in facsimile) and there are some excellent illustrations. Finally, there is an appendix which gives in careful detail a schedule of all the variant readings in text and headlines found in the first three editions of *Jane Eyre*.

The bibliographical descriptions of the various books are full enough to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting collector. As befits books of the Great Cloth Period, special attention is paid to the binding, and the colour, lettering, and blocking of the cloth is described with meticulous care; with middle nineteenth century books this is, of course, all-essential. George Eliot's *Felix Holt*, for example, appeared in its first edition in five different bindings; each is fully described here, for Mr. Parrish is fortunate enough to possess copies of all the variants, and his order of precedence will hardly be disputed. A good deal of space and a large folding-plate are devoted to that very important book. *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell*. Chief interest centres around the four copies with the rare Aylott and Jones imprint and here Mr. Parrish finds himself in agreement with the conclusions reached by Mr. John Carter in his recent book *Binding Variants in English Publishing*.

There is one small point that needs elucidation. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* and *Ruth* both appeared in 1853, and in the chronological order given here *Cranford* takes precedence. But as *Cranford* is stated on the title-page to be "by the Author of 'Ruth,' 'Mary Barton,' etc." it would look as if the last-named book were published earlier.

Mr. Parrish's book as produced by Messrs. Constable in a handsome quarto format is a delight to look upon and in its quaint but entirely appropriate green Victorian dress one is able to trace the hand of Mr. Michael Sadleir.

ROBERT EMMET.

THE REBELLION OF 1803. An Essay in Bibliography. By F. S. Bourke, L.R.C.P. & S.I. (At the Sign of the Three Candles).

Nothing that the Bibliographical Society of Ireland has published deserves a more cordial welcome than Dr. Bourke's bibliography of the books, pamphlets and broadsides dealing with the Rebellion of 1803. The interest in everything that concerns Emmet is perennial and this bringing together in chronological order of all the publications which have a direct bearing on the 1803 Insurrection is an achievement which has much more than mere sentiment to justify it.

The famous speech from the dock is, naturally, regarded as a document of the first importance. Five contemporary versions, under the date 1803, are recorded here, three in the earliest printed reports of the trial, the others being separate printings of the speech itself. In his prefatory notes Dr. Bourke deals with the questions of the "viper" reference to Plunket and the alleged hostile declaration towards the French. He rejects the former as spurious and proves that the latter was an interpolation which the Castle, with its usual astuteness, induced Ridgeway to insert.

In all, there are 103 titles in this compilation, ranging from the report of the trial published by Holmes and Charles in 1803 to Denis Johnston's *The Old Lady Says No*, a play dealing with Emmet published by Jonathan Cape in 1932. In between, there are state documents, novels, histories, poems, broadsides, memoirs and genealogies, all having some direct bearing on the matter in hand. Though not strictly within the scope of bibliography, no one will quarrel with Dr. Bourke for having devoted a good deal of space to such interesting problems as Emmet's burial-place, the name of the informer, and the authenticity of the various portraits. Of the latter, two are reproduced here and one is glad to see that they are the least familiar. A folding frontispiece reproduces in facsimile the very rare *Proclamation to the People of Ireland* from the unique copy in the National Library.

Having done so much, Dr. Bourke has, inevitably, committed himself to a larger task. 1803 and 1798 are, historically and bibliographically, inseparable, and the thoroughness which is evident in his first undertaking stamps him as the compiler best fitted to attempt the work of recording and classifying the publications that relate to the whole of that romantic period.

THE AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR.

The issue of the *American Book Collector* for September-October is, perhaps, more "American" than usual, the titles of some of the articles being "American Book Labels in the Seventeenth Century," "The First Guides to Niagara Falls" and "Ballou, the Father of the Dime Novel." There is also an article on the passing of that famous American bookseller, James F. Drake. Irish readers will, however, find much to interest them in the article on the Cuala Press by Mr. Irvin Hass. The writer deals at length with the origins and history of Miss Yeats's enterprise and appends a full bibliographical list of the publications. The name which this press bore until 1907 is given here variously, as "Dun Emmer" and "Dunn Emmer"; correctly, it is, of course, Dun Emer.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

- Bertram Rota, 76A Davies St., Oxford St., London, W. 1. Catalogue No. 32. Modern First Editions and Autograph Letters at moderate prices. 603 items.
- Arthur Rogers, 4 Queen's Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Catalogue No. 41. Old Books, Modern First Editions and Miscellaneous Literature. 467 items.
- Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W. 1. Catalogue No. 185. Association books, including many interesting presentation and inscribed copies. 452 items.
- J. Kyrle Fletcher, Ltd., The Bridge, Newport, Mon. Catalogue No. 38. One thousand Scarce Books in all branches of Literature.
- Henry Sotheran, Ltd., 43 Piccadilly, London, W. 1. "Piccadilly Notes." Price Sixpence. Mr. Stonehouse continues his interesting series of articles on "Adventures in Bookselling." A special section is devoted to the publications of the Pear Tree Press.
- Myers and Co., 102 New Bond St., London, W. 1. Catalogue No. 296. Scarce and Interesting Books and Coloured Aquatint Views. 644 items.
- James Thin, 54-56 South Bridge, Edinburgh. Catalogue No. 243. General Literature, Literary Criticism, etc. 2,398 items.
- John Smith and Son, 57-61 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Catalogue No. 17. Second-hand books in all branches of literature. 1,462 items.
- Thomas Thorpe, 5 Old Bond St., London, W. 1. Catalogue No. 166. Americana, Art, French Literature, Folk-lore, Books of Irish interest. 1,454 items.
- The Antiquarian, Stainforth, Doncaster. "Selected items from the Private Library of Country Gentlemen (*sic*)."
A curious production. Amongst the items offered are Moore's "Loves of the Angles" and "The History and Adventures of Gil Blas" by "Cervantees" (*sic*).
- Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., 11 Grafton St., London, W. 1. Catalogue No. 479. Bibles, Bibliography, English Literature, European History, Periodicals, Moral Philosophy, Sport. 1,195 items.

BOOK REVIEWS

PETER ABELARD. A Novel. By Helen Waddell. London: Constable. 1933. Pp. 304. 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Waddell's novel has been so rightly praised by so many reviewers that I can dispense with further praise. I can only regret that it leaves Abelard at so early a stage of his career. There is room for a sympathetic treatment of his later life. He was still to write his Hymns for Heloise and still to fight an unequal fight against St. Bernard who laid him low at the Council of Sens. John of Salisbury, his pupil in later years, would then have come into the story, as well as Peter the Lombard and that remarkable playwright Hilarius who, according to Karl Young: "certainly studied in France under Abelard," and wrote a poem to him probably in 1125, and may have been an Englishman (so strangely neglected by Manitius!). Miss Waddell must not be offended if, while admitting her claims as an imaginative writer, I still think of her as a scholar and congratulate her on the meticulous accuracy of her facts and dates, with very few exceptions, on which I take the liberty of dwelling.

What authority has Miss Waddell for making Bernardus Silvestris a Breton, and for making him lecture at Tours in 1118? His *De Mundi Universitate* was, it is true, written at Tours but not till after 1145 and perhaps as late as 1153 and dedicated to Thierry of Chartres. Two other Bernards were, one certainly and the other probably Bretons—Bernardus Morlanensis and Bernardus Carnotensis, but nothing is known of the origin of Bernardus Silvestris. Was Thierry of Chartres well-known as early as 1116? Abelard could not have said in 1118 that Geoffroi de Lèves "would be a better successor to Ivo than either Bernard or his brother Thierry," since Geoffroi had already become Bishop of Chartres in 1116. Were the De Lèves (I am only asking for information) of as good blood as the Counts of Chartres? The latter were descended twice over (at least) from Charlemagne. Eudes I. (ob. 996) was sixth in descent from Carloman, King of Italy, with only one female link. His wife was sixth in descent from the Emperor Louis I with two female links. Incidentally Thibaut II and IV was only Count of Chartres, Blois and Brie until 1125, when he succeeded his uncle Hugues I as Count of Champagne (Troyes). Who is the Thibaut, his nephew, of whom Miss Waddell makes a devoted companion of Abelard?

Could Abelard have heard the version *Main se leva Bele Alys* in 1116? This form, in seven-syllable verses, dates from after 1200 according to Verrier, although the song is much older, as old, at least, as Abelard's time.

Could Abelard have known the songs of Audefroï le Bâtard? (p. 77). Did Abelard write one of the Benedictbeuern lyrics? (p. 78). Perhaps. Guibert can hardly have sung (p. 212) "Down from the branches fall the leaves" which dates from circa 1200. It was not written by Abelard.

Was Alberic of Rheims a teacher there at the period of Miss Waddell's story? According to Manitius he taught at Rheims only from 1121 until he became Archbishop of Bourges in 1137. Gerbert did not study "Arabic and geometry at the schools of the Saracens." Gay says that "il est inexact qu'il ait appris l'arabe et qu'il soit allé jusqu'à Cordoue." The lines quoted on p. 118 cannot

have run in Abelard's mind like "the ancient marching rhythm of the legions." They are not trochaic. There is an absurd misprint on p. 119, six lines from the bottom, capital H for small h.

But these are minutiae. The story lives and the Middle Ages are alive and vivid in it.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

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MANUEL D' ANCIEN FRANCAIS (début du XII^e siècle). Par Dorothea A. Paton, M.A. (Oxon.). London: Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. N.D. (1933). Pp. 189. 2s. 6d.

This is an admirable and useful introduction to the study of old French based on the *Vie de Saint Alexis* and the *Chanson de Roland*. For the former the edition by Gaston Paris in Champion's *Classiques français du moyen âge* for the latter the edition by T. Atkinson Jenkins, have been used. It is difficult to understand why the title bears the words "début du XII^e siècle," since both these texts date from the eleventh! In the glossary as far as the *Roland* is concerned, Bédier, not Jenkins, has been followed. Miss Paton gives *ambulare* as the origin of *aler*, but she stars * *allare* as not attested, whereas *alare* is attested in the *Glosses of Reichenau* both in the infinitive and in the imperfect subjunctive (as Meunier points out in his glossary). The exercises will help the student very materially: nothing like this has ever been done for Old French before.

R. B.

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LA VIE DE SAINT ALEXIS, Poeme francais du XI^e siecle, Texte du manuscrit de Hildesheim, Traduction littérale, Etude grammaticale, glossaire. Par Le Chanoine J. M. Meunier. Paris: E. Droz. 1933. Pp. 434. 30 francs.

Students of Old French have long been familiar with this remarkable poem, composed about 1040: I am glad to welcome a most scholarly edition of the text with an exceedingly full commentary and an accurate translation into Modern French. The phonological and grammatical notes (pp. 124-292) form a concise, precise and full account of the French language of the eleventh century, before the composition of the Song of Roland. The Glossary of 137 pages is a veritable etymological dictionary, with full discussions of all doubtful points, of the language of the text. The introductory account of the sources of the *Vie de Saint Alexis* is also full and accurate. St. Alexis is a legendary saint; he never lived, but is a fusion of an anonymous poor man of Edessa and of St. John Calybites. The legend was unknown in the West until in 977 Archbishop Sergius of Damascus came as a refugee to Rome, and was granted by Pope Benedict VII the use of the Church of St. Boniface on the Aventine. To the Aventine community is due the spread of the cult of the imaginary St. Alexis in the Occident. Versions are found in almost all Western languages as well as in Syriac, Greek, Georgian, Ethiopian and Arabic. The original legend in its earliest form is preserved in a Syriac version of the third quarter of the fifth century, contained in a manuscript of the first half of the sixth. The Old French *Vie de Saint-Alexis* is a translation in verse of a prose Latin text of the end of the tenth century.

Why, then, in so admirable an edition, is the section on Versification so inadequate? It might as well have been omitted. It is scrappy and inaccurate and out of date. Is it credible that a scholar should have made no use of the researches of Wilhelm Meyer and of D'Ovidio? And yet this is the case. Canon Meunier is absolved for his ignorance of Verrier's work, which did not appear until after the book was completed in 1927, but not for his ignorance, actual or wilful, of Meyer and D'Ovidio, nor for serving up again the discarded view that the Old French *Eulalie* is in its entirety "un assemblage de syllabes plus ou moins nombreuses, groupées sous un nombre fixe d' accents." D'Ovidio has shown that at least most of the lines are derived through a Latin sequence from the dactylic trimeter hypercatalectic (or dactylic tetrameter dicatalectic) used by Prudentius in his poem on St. Eulalia.

Canon Meunier will have it that in the development of rhythmical versification (both Latin and Old French) imitation of Classical quantitative versification had no part. It is probable that the trochaic rhythmical verse of mediaeval Latin, e.g., the *Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini*, is a lineal survival of old Latin popular trochaic accentual metres, but the iambic and other metres of so many hymns cannot go back to what were purely trochaic measures. Despite Canon Meunier and Gaston Paris mediaeval rhythmical versification is "une déformation de la versification métrique"; but both are, of course, quite right in denying the theory held by some scholars in the past that this "déformation" consisted "eu substituant des accentuées aux longues (dans les temps forts)." What mediaeval rhythmical versification actually did do was to preserve the accentual pattern of quantitative metres while ignoring quantity entirely. Stress-accent had taken the place of pitch-accent and quantity had ceased to exist, at least in the Classical sense, all stressed syllables being relatively long.

Thus, to use Canon Meunier's example, the hexameter

Infandum regína júbes renováre dolórem

was read as indicated, possibly with an additional stress on the first syllable of *renovare*.

The rhythmical hexameter, e.g., those of Commodian, was formed by maintaining this incidence (or some other incidence also found) of stresses while ignoring quantity. In all other or most other metres syllabification also took place, substitution disappearing with quantity. Thus the substitution of a spondee for a dactyl (or in the new parlance of two syllables for one) in such metres as the dactylic tetrameter catalectic fell into disuse. A full discussion of the exact process of imitation cannot be entered upon here. In one metre the incidence of the stresses was fixed even in Classical Latin (the sapphic minor): in some others it became fixed. The Iambic dimeter was not one of these. Canon Meunier is wilfully perverse in insisting on the absurd accentuations!

Rerúm creator omnium
Sempér cum Patre Filius
Nostráe salutis pretium

He is probably right in stressing the last syllable of paroxytonic trisyllables and the first of paroxytonic quadrisyllables (at least in the Latin of Gaul), as well as the syllable normally stressed.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

"THE RISE OF CASTLEREAGH." By H. M. Hyde. Macmillan & Co. 21s.

This is a full biography of Castlereagh down to the time of the Union. The great European statesman learnt his technique in Ireland, and Mr. Hyde's book is a clear and most interesting account of how young Robert Stewart by playing Pitt's game rose from being M.P. for Co. Down to the Office of Chief Secretary. What launched him on his career? Ambition. What guided his ambition into the most useful channels? The advice of his grandfather, the first Earl Camden who advised him to be the friend of Pitt. Pitt was alive to the possibilities latent in his disciple, and gave him a seat at Westminster where his voice and vote were at the Englishman's service. Soon his old friend Halliday of the Northern Whig Club could say of him with truth: "his is Pittised with a vengeance, which he candidly owns."

After six years of Parliament Castlereagh felt that office ought to come his way, but he learnt that being an Irishman debarred him from the higher offices in his native land. He wrote therefore to the second Earl Camden, then Viceroy, seeking counsel. Camden, wise as his predecessor, recommended him to use Ireland as a means to advancement in England. The member for Co. Down knew the line to adopt, and his constituency provided enough scope. Down was a centre of French revolutionary activity, and he set out to overthrow sedition. He succeeded very well among his own tenants, whether through their affection for him, or for more material reasons, and it was soon possible for the Viceroy to report to Whitehall that his protégé "had done more to bring those persons who had been attempted to be corrupted to a proper sense of reflection and to punish the guilty, than perhaps any man in the north of Ireland."

Castlereagh accomplished much, but the situation grew more desperate, and his former co-religionists, the Presbyterians were deeply infected with republicanism. Lord Downshire declared that the ministers were the great encouragers of treason. Let it be remembered that they were men of intelligence and education. Their eventual adherence to the Union policy was another success of Castlereagh, for he secured for them an increase in their Regium Donum and thus purchased their support.

Castlereagh in his labours to suppress rebellion was not a ruthless man. Mr. Hyde gives plenty of evidence to show that he was far more temperate than the leaders of the Irish Commons. Though he has a bad name in Ireland we may stop thinking of him as "bloody" Castlereagh.

The time was now ripe for the young statesman's promotion to some place of influence. When Pelham, the Chief Secretary, fell ill in 1798, he was appointed to act in his stead. The belief in the manifest unsuitability of even an Ulsterman to govern Ireland had to be abandoned. Later in the year Pelham resigned, and Castlereagh succeeded him. The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, admitted that the office should not be held by an Irishman, but justified the change on the ground of Castlereagh's exceptional capacity, and because he was "so very unlike an Irishman!" Castlereagh had now climbed the ladder, Ireland would soon have served his ambition, and would know him no more.

In the year that followed insurrection presented many problems, and the plans for Union had to mature and then to be put into effect. We may at this point indicate one serious divergence from the outlook of Mr. Hyde in relation to Ireland. Mr. Hyde, laudably engaged in cleaning up Castlereagh's reputation

does not perhaps care to consider what justice lay in the national cause temporarily overthrown. The Viscount need not be bloody any longer, but there is no occasion to hold that those who differed from him were only irresponsible revolutionaries. Had they succeeded, Ireland, united or allied to France would probably have turned the scale against Great Britain. A sympathiser with Great Britain may therefore be thankful that Castlereagh and others overthrew the conspiracy, but need not regard its ideals as illegitimate, or their advocates as assassins. The evidence given before the Select Committee on the causes of the Rebellion in 1798 by Dr. McNevin and T. A. Emmet mentioned the redress of grievances as the prime object of the United Irishmen, Emmet saying that if the object could have been accomplished peaceably they would infinitely have preferred it to a revolution and a republic. He added that reform would lead to abolition of tithes, diminution of rents, national education, commercial equality, and a correction of the bloody nature of the criminal code. McNevin said that they wished to see liberty established with the least possible expense of private happiness, and in such a way that no honest man of either party should have cause to regret it, "the United Irishmen would behave better to their enemies than their enemies to them."

A government must of course suppress rebellion, but we feel that it has a share in the responsibility for rebellion when it allows ill-conditioned yeomanry and ill-disciplined fencibles to act with excessive zeal. Castlereagh, after the rebellion was full of praise for the yeomanry, "those brave and truly patriotic bands everywhere appeared ardently emulous to share the glory and the danger of protecting their country, and have immortalised their names to the remotest posterity." Ireland certainly remembered them long enough. Mr. Hyde is not anxious to admit that Ireland had any serious degree of provocation, and has no sympathy for Abercromby the distinguished Commander-in-Chief who tried unsuccessfully to create discipline in the forces at Government disposal. We need not dwell further on this subject, unless to say that we are glad enough to accept the exoneration of the Chief Secretary from many charges of severity usually laid against him.

We may also affirm that those who opposed Pitt and Castlereagh in their Union policy could be sincere in their belief that their cause was both reasonable and honourable. Much anti-Unionism arose from the fear that the loss of an Irish Parliament would mean the loss of privilege in the class which had the monopoly of power. Such a fear is natural to mankind; but anti-Unionism had more in it than this. The speeches of Speaker Foster against the Union are entitled to consideration as the answers of a shrewd and experienced man of affairs who had administered Ireland for many years, not only to the principle of Union, but to the actual proposals.

We have genuine pleasure in saying that this book is of the utmost importance for the period, and we congratulate the author, though we regret at times his attitude to those who differed from Castlereagh.

N. D. EMERSON.

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"THE GREAT EARL OF KILDARE."

The life of "Garret More," eighth Earl of Kildare, forms as it were a bridge between the mediæval Ireland in which he was born in 1456, and the age of Henry

VIII in which he died in 1513. During this time the House of York in England came to an end at Bosworth, and the House of Tudor took its place. Ireland had got its Home Rule Parliament in 1460 and, save for the Butlers, was a Yorkist stronghold. Garret More succeeded his father as Earl in 1477 and was elected Chief Justice by the Irish Parliament. The King, though unwillingly, had to accept him as such and Earl Gerald ruled Ireland for the rest of his life as Lord Deputy, with but one intermission. Then followed the exciting events of Bosworth and the conspiracies of the two Pretenders, Simnel and Warbeck. How was a Yorkist and Home Rule Ireland to be reconciled with the new Tudor Monarchy? In 1494 Henry resolved to suppress it and sent over Sir Edward Poynings as Deputy, who ended the Warbeck movement and bridled the Irish parliament by "Poynings' Law." But Henry found that "all Ireland cannot rule this man" (Kildare) and therefore sent him back to rule all Ireland which he did till his death. The most picturesque event in this later time is the battle of Knocktoe in 1504, when Kildare and his western rival Burke of Clanrickarde fought out their feud to a finish and the Great Earl's gallowses won the day for him.

The length of his rule alone makes the career of the Great Earl unique in Irish history, for few native heroes since Brian Boru have ruled "unquiet Erin" so long with such universal support and legendary fame. Even as Earl of Kildare alone he would have been a notable figure, "a mighty man of stature full of honour and courage, a warrior incomparable," a man "easily displeased and sooner appeased," a great stock Irishman of the new blended Norman-Irish race.

The supreme authority for his life will certainly be the book that is before us. Donough Bryan spent years of loving and critical labour on this work, and it must be a lasting regret that it is his one contribution to Irish history, and that he is not living to continue the epic of the Leinster Geraldines through its continued glory in "Garret Oge" and its fall with Silken Thomas. The main story is crowded with interest, which Bryan tells us with an impressive restraint of style and many acute judgments, and again is permanently enriched with original records from Carton, the British Museum and our Record Office, transcripts of which enrich the pages and make fascinating reading in the ten appendices. The list given of the Earl's Library and his plate, the evidence of Irish culture and art in his great castle of Maynooth, with other glimpses into that transition age, when the Renaissance was winging its way over these lands, will be the book's main interest to some as to others the ordered "clearing up" of the many political questions, problems of dating and so on in this man's life, which Donough Bryan so masterfully has achieved.

(Gerald Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Kildare, by Donough Bryan, B.A., B.L. Talbot Press, 1933. 20s.).

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THE O'DWYERS OF KILNAMANAGH: The History of an Irish Sept. By Sir Michael O'Dwyer, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. With Map. London: John Murray. 10s. 6d.

A soldier with Sir Michael O'Dwyer's reputation is not usually the kind of man from whom to expect a learned historical study of a fighting Irish clan.

A creditable family pride, however, has set this empire-builder investigating the origins and history of the O'Dwyers of Kilnamanagh in Mid-Tipperary, to whom he belongs, and in this volume we have the fruits of his patient and laborious researches. The book is not without its defects and its author is fully conscious of his limitations. Recognising that he "has neither the time nor the qualifications to do more than collate the information regarding the Sept that is fairly accessible in print, in public records, in the collections in MSS." in various centres in Ireland and England, he attempts "to elucidate some of the leading facts" in the O'Dwyer story. With all its faults, such as they are, his book might put to shame for their sins of omission young and better equipped students in our universities who have neglected the rich field of Irish family and clan history.

Sir Michael follows Hart in his claim that his father, John O'Dwyer of Barronstown (1820-1883) descended from the father of Philip, the last chief. He is unable to furnish documentary proof of this but the claim has been sufficient to stir him to collect many facts and documents—especially in Norman, Tudor, Stuart and Cromwellian times—from the earliest centuries right up to Land League days and the World War. As a soldier he is naturally interested especially in the military achievements of his people, whether they fought at home or abroad, or in the Irish or the English interest. Like too many others they were nearly as often among the Crown's Irish friends as among the "King's Irish enemies." And at times, as in 1601, "so complete was the paralysis that the arrival of a strong Spanish force in Kinsale and the great march from Ulster of O'Neill and O'Donnell with their contingents to join hands with it, which brought many chiefs in Cork and Kerry to their standards, evoked no response in Tipperary."

With pardonable ambition Sir Michael squeezes into his survey not only John O'Dwyer of the Glen, the famous Bishop Edmond O'Dwyer of the seventeenth century—a most interesting character this—and their like but also the sturdy Bishop of Limerick of 1916 and even Michael Dwyer of '98 fame. Since the great Wicklow fighter's name has been introduced it may be noted Sir Michael does not give the names of Anne Devlin or Lord Kilwarden correctly and that he misrepresents the Emmet rising as merely taking the shape of "cold-blooded murder."

References will be found in his pages to many other valiant fighters such as the O'Sullivans of Beare, and there is a shrewd comparison of conditions in sixteenth and seventeenth century Ireland with the N.W. frontier of India in our own day. The map is from Petty's in the Down Survey. C. O'S.

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BERKELEY'S AMERICAN SOJOURN. By Benjamin Rand. Harvard University Press. 2 dollars.

Dr. Rand of Harvard has put together in this little book a detailed account of everything he has been able to gather up about Berkeley's American experiment, and of the project, entered into so enthusiastically and abandoned so regretfully, of founding a College in Bermuda.

Berkeley, as is known, did not get to Bermuda. He went first to Newport, Rhode Island, settled down there temporarily, and was so charmed with the

place and the people that Bermuda faded away ; and in any case he saw soon enough that Bermuda was the wrong place for a College, seeing that it had no raw material for students. He flirted for a time with the idea of establishing his College at Newport, but his charter was for Bermuda and his subscriptions had been obtained for Bermuda, so eventually the project was abandoned. America was, however, materially the gainer by his visit. He gave many books to Yale and Harvard, and his Newport property to Yale. While Dr. Rand thinks that his influence in American philosophy has been very great.

It is useful to have gathered together all this material about Berkeley in America. He enjoyed his life there, obviously, made many friends and had many disputations. Dr. Rand, however, does not seem to have made much use of *The Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D.D.*, by E. Edwards Beardsley, D.D., of which my copy, or rather the Editor's copy, is the second edition, New York, 1874. This contains a lot about Berkeley, Johnson having been his chief disciple in America, and it includes a number of long and interesting letters from Berkeley, and after his death from his son. Dr. Rand quotes a few lines from one of the letters, but does not mention the book as one of his sources. In other ways also the Johnson book is very interesting. It is particularly rich in letters, including besides the Berkeley letters some half dozen from Benjamin Franklin.

P. S. O'H.

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TEN TALES. By Dr. William Maginn. Scholartis Press. 5s.

With the exception of the four fairy stories, of which more anon, the six tales, indubitably by William Maginn, which this Volume contains, are tales well worth reprinting, but they are not the sort of thing upon which a reputation can be made. They are brilliant, extravagant, fanciful, witty, coruscating, and irresponsible, but not great art. They have the marks of their time, and any reader with an acquaintance with nineteenth century literature would at once place these, reading them at random, in the first half of the nineteenth century, without at the same time being able to allocate them to an individual.

Maginn was brilliant at many things, and the most extravagant tributes were paid to him by his contemporaries. What he did he did well. But he did nothing so superlatively as to leave any mark upon any time save his own. He had the instability and the jumpiness of very great talent not under control, and not adequately directed. His tales, in their quippishness, have a curious similarity to those of Mangan, and his other work was of his time, akin to that of those other contemporaries of his with equal wayward talent—Prout and Kenealy—all three born in Cork : Maginn in 1794, Prout in 1804, and Kenealy in 1819. Croker, their friend and associate, with less talent and slightly more stability, was also born at Cork, in 1798, and Mangan, born at Dublin in 1801, is of the same pattern. For all his different upbringing Mangan had their exuberance and more than their skill at rhyming. They were all Town Birds. It was a little late that a darker and more serious prose tradition was to come, of peasant origin—Griffin, the Banims, and Carleton—and then a different sort of town bird in Lever and Lover, who are better writers than they have been given credit for.

It is a most interesting and unworked Irish literary period, and one which some of our University Professors of English might well set some of their students working at.

Maginn at any rate, has been unfortunate where the others were fortunate, in that his work has never been properly collected on this side, and he has been almost forgotten. Yet it is very good work. *The Shakespeare Papers*, the *Homeric Ballads*, and various of his critical and fanciful sketches are meritorious and ought to be given finality in a proper collected edition.

With the fairy stories, however, one comes to quite another thing. Each of the four tales claimed for Maginn in this volume is a gem of the purest literary merit. They were originally printed by T. C. Croker in his *Fairy Legends*, and have been steadily reprinted as his, and this is the first printing of them under Maginn's name. Yet there is strong reason to, at least, seriously consider attributing them to Maginn, and it is a pity that the preface to the volume does not say something about it. Dr. Kenealy, Maginn's firmest and greatest friend, in whose arms he died, mentions in his memoir of him (1844) that "Daniel O'Rourke and three others" in Croker's book were by Maginn, though he does not say how he knew this: S. C. Hall in his book of *Memories* (1877) states that most of the stories were not Croker's and mentions Maginn as having written some of them. Mr. Wm. Bates, in his edition of the *MacLise Portrait Gallery* (1898) states as follows in his memoir of Croker:

My friend, the Rev. Charles Arthur Maginn, M.A., Rector of Killanally, Cork, informs me that he has in his possession a copy of the *Fairy Legends*, in which he noted down from the direct statement of his brother, the Doctor, the tales contributed by him to the work. These were four in number—*The Legend of Knocksheogowna*, *The Legend of Bottle Hill*, *Fairies or no Fairies*, and *Daniel O'Rourke*.

And it was probably upon this categorical statement that D. J. O'Donoghue based his reference in *The Poets of Ireland* (1912). I wonder where that marked volume is now?

It may, I think, be regarded as practically established that Maginn wrote four of the *Legends*, probably the four herein attributed to him, and it is much to be desired that some one or other of the young university students aforesaid should be set the task of clearing the point up.

It is a pity, also, that a check list of Maginn's writings, as published in book form, was not included in this book. These are they, as far as known to me:—

Aeneas Eunuchus. (Poetry, published according to O'Donoghue while he was at Trinity, *i.e.*, not later than 1819).

Whitehall. (Anon.). Novel. 1827.

Magazine Miscellanies. 1840.

∴ Ten numbers published. Only one set was known to exist, and that was in the possession of Dr. Kenealy in 1857.
Where is it now?

Tales of Military Life. 1841.

John Manesty. (Novel). 1844.

The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty. (Anon.). 1849.

Homeric Ballads. 1850.

Collected Works. Edited by R. Shelton MacKenzie :

Vols. I. and II.—The O'Doherty Papers. N. Y. 1855.

Vol. III.—Shakespeare Papers. N. Y. 1856.

∴ This contains additional papers from *Fraser*, the English edition (1859) containing only the *Bentley* papers.

Vol. IV.—Homeric Ballads and Comedies of Lucian. N. Y. 1856.

Vol. V.—Fraserian Papers, with Memoir. N. Y. 1857.

Shakespeare Papers. 1859.

Miscellanies. Edited by R. W. Montague. 2V. 1885.

A Story without a Tail. 1928.

The Red Barn (1828) has also been attributed to him.

O'Donoghue doubts whether Maginn did write *Tales of Military Life*, but as it bears his name on the title, and as he was alive at its publication, the attribution must stand.
P. S. O'H.

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“THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER” and “THE OLD LADY SAYS ‘NO!’”
Two Plays by Denis Johnston. Cape. 6s.

I am one of those old-fashioned people, old-fashioned enough to pass muster as a modern freak, who believe that there is no such thing as drama outside the poetic. My reasons are simple: I believe that a tragedy gives pleasure through a kind of fundamental recreation and this it achieves by the controlled evocation of elemental passions, chiefly pity and terror. Story, plot, structure—dress of character and age, the dramatist exploits them all in the service of this dramatic principle. The function of a true comedy is likewise to “delight and emancipate,” to refresh by awakening deep, sweet emotions. Plainly the drama that functions in this way is poetic—that is to say, it is creative in its method as in its effect. Purely destructive drama effects no catharsis, liberates no daemon.

Poets before this have attempted to achieve the purposes of poetry by purely destructive methods, but only as they failed greatly in their means have they succeeded in their craft. Ponder them, Cervantes, Ariosto, Molière, Byron, Brooke. There was Cervantes with his hero of heroes. It took a Lady Gregory to fathom the spirit of his Don Quixote (in “Sancho’s Master”). There was Molière who essayed dramatic satire in “Le Misanthrope,” but to produce tragedy of tragedy, a never-dry fountain of pity. Now Denis Johnston comes before us as a satiric dramatist with “The Moon in the Yellow River” and “The Old Lady Says ‘No!’”

My judgment is subject to revision when I see the plays performed; but in the meantime I am not satisfied with “The Old Lady.” Mr. Con. Curran who saw the plays and contributes a Foreword, hails “The Old Lady Says ‘No!’” “a play brilliantly witty, an Ithuriel spear at work, stabbing and revealing.”

I hail a brilliant stage-piece, but I reserve the title of drama. In "The Old Lady Says 'No!'" the mechanical technique is good, the "thematic pastiche" admirable, the satire rare, passages exhibit a power of dramatic characterisation, as in the dialogue between the Flapper and the Medical Student, others again are perfunctorily artistic as in the Speaker's speech to Sally (p. 242), the one including a line from "Dark Rosaleen." (It would be impossible to show the quality of these speeches as excerpts).

If this is a play in the creative dramatic sense, if it is capable of striking ultimately with a simple dramatic effect, it is as the play of a city where the Blind man walks seeing (tragically) "no City of the Living: but of the Dark and the Dead!" That is the keynote of the play in so far as it has for me real dramatic being. It may be that all its complexity of situation, its brilliance of dialogue and satire, of intellect, sub-serve through this idea, a dramatic purpose. My opinion formed from reading it, is that the dramatic principle in it has succumbed to the destructive method.

"The Moon in the Yellow River" is a play, partly, also, expressionist in form; it dips into the region of Strindbergian psychology, but, unlike Strindberg, without being morbid. Perhaps in the satirical commentary it is too careful to give always both sides, between Republic and Free State, spirit and machine—though a few things stand out luminously in the debate, for example, the revolutionary Blake's motive—"to keep one corner of the world safe for humanity"—but "The Moon in the Yellow River" is a play—a curiously inverted tragedy, in which, with a flash of genius, Mr. Johnston has perceived the drama of the industrialist Fausch to be the drama of Octavius—

"DOBELLE. Your Works! your memories! Brutus is avenged, O, Octavius."

But although these works are accidentally blown up, in the third act—the play is still a tragedy, the tragic drama of nothing learned and nothing done, as Dobelle sees "There's no end and there's no solution."

No more remarkable first work was ever written surely than "The Old Lady Says 'No!'" no second play more distinctly an original dramatic achievement than "The Moon in the Yellow River." L. D.

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THE FLEETING, AND OTHER POEMS. By Walter de la Mare. (Constable. Pp. 179. 7s. 6d.).

CANNONS OF GIANT ART. By Sachaverell Sitwell. (Faber & Faber. Pp. 225).

POEMS, 1930-1932. By John Gawsworth. (Rich & Cowan. Pp. 71. 3s. 6d.).

VARIATIONS ON A METAPHYSIC THEME, AND OTHER POEMS. By Winifred Holmes. (The Unicorn Press. Pp. 48. 5s.).

THE DRAGON FLY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Brian Waters. (Elkin Mathews & Marriot. Pp. 32).

The significance of any poetry is determined, of course, by the degree in which it reflects the great Passions which being permanent in the world are consequently, sun and moon to the soul of the individual. If our response to

verse be not so natural as to seem but the fulfilling of some law of being, the turning of flower and tide to its star, and yet sudden sea change, the joy of microcosm in macrocosm when some symbol or image is adrift on the starry ladder between them with its rich strange mirror, if our response is not, in part, illumination and vision, and, in part, an outrushing of emotion obscure but ecstatic as though we were magnetised by the beating of some mighty heart, we are not meeting the Lord in the Air but are playing merely among the Daughters of Memory.

In our search for the important, then, we will rule out much that is charming ; natural birdsong that leaves no echoes to be hunted from haunted air to air to their home in the first choir, and those winnings of analysis that the intellect packs away to subdued music in its bright little coffins. If we have a high ancestry at all, we will not be content with what has its concern in the temporary, with the mechanics of life, psychology set to music, or the bird-fluttering of the senses ; we will accept them in so far as they are a setting, a personal eddy that catches a fall of the ancient light and shapes it by some strange affinity till beam and dazzle over-ride the setting and fill the mind with a dream that has its glitter maybe from some face that warred in Heaven. In short, we will take our pleasure only in poetry that seems as much an outbreathing of deity as the earlier oracles of Dodona : the kind of poetry that Coleridge, likely, had in mind which he said gave most pleasure, "generally and not perfectly understood."

If Mr. de la Mare is not in the lineage of the great seers, his passion at least comes out of pre-occupation with the other-worlds—that mid-world, I think, the mediaeval folk—poets imagined where good and evil wear the one face ; the world of the Keats of "La Belle Dame," a glimmering land of sirens and sorcery, of moonlit abundance, where anything might happen, a Princess awaken or a moon turn harpy. That what is so strange and remote should be evoked for us with such little loss in subtlety is a tribute to his craftsmanship, to his understanding of these symbols that have, in the human mind, been wedded so long to their special emotions as to be inseparable from them. Indeed, he takes such advantage of traditional usage that his soft trumpets are heard as often in the haloes that word and image have gathered as from their smaller, less tenuous mouths.

Up to now his verse seemed remarkable more for its phantasmal beauty and that negative kind of revelation, which is like the cry of a bird when the net closes, than for any positive mapping of his "unimagined country." Whether the book before me will alter the popular judgment is a matter for individual experience ; there is, at all events, an attempt at intellectual stocktaking which will please those who like their poet to have a message—and that packed neatly in tabloid. The older de la Mare, however, is repeated in many delicate half-lit themes that might have come out of "The Listeners" or "The Veil," fragile things that have the coloured light and air of bubbles ; and in certain sharply cut etchings, like "The Fat Woman," which being born of some swirl of pity or terror, suggest a fourth dimension :—

"Enormous those childless breasts :
God in his pity knows
Why, in her bodice stuck,
Reeks a mock rose."

But those who have been reading the later short stories will look for something else—and find it. Mr. de la Mare has met Death, the last phantom of his phantom country, and the vision has left him taut and strung with the winds in his boughs:—

“Lost in myself I hide
From the cold unknown:
Lost, like a world cast forth
Into space star-sown;
And the songs of the morning are stilled,
And delight in them flown.”

And again:—

“Mother, it’s such a lonely house,
The child cried; and the wind sighed.
“A narrow but a lovely house,”
The mother replied.

“Child, it’s such a narrow house,”
The ghost cried; and the wind sighed.
“A narrow and a lonely house,”
The withering grass replied.”

Having come to wisdom, he can accept inevitable dissolution with a placidity that is not less than dignity:—

“Beauty, what is it but love’s vision?
Earth’s fame, the soul’s supreme derision?
O ardent dust,
Turn to thy grave,
And quiet have!”

And one knows from the long philosophic poem that ends the book that he feels his cerements will be the coloured cloths of dream and that he will be entertained in no narrow house but in that one of the many mansions to which his spirit has already made so many weird bat-flights with his mother the moon.

Mr. Sitwell has discovered no new country, but takes such emotional stock of what has been discovered already that his poems are in the nature of new voyages, something higher than the best kind of criticism, and scarcely ever less than poetry. His scheme, for the most part, is concerned with certain accepted masterpieces of plastic art and music; he attempts no art criticism but allows himself to be caught within their impulse while they unfold their lives over again for him in their own timescapes. Sometimes there is a simple re-telling of myth or legend; mostly he treats the artist objectively, so that two periods are caught in his weaving. That it is a success there can be, I think, no doubt; but it is a success with limitations, the success of that inspiration which rises when vitality is a little on the ebb and we can find content in pictures. It is, in short, the poetry of the “Ode to a Grecian Urn,” a separation from life, where passion dies into reverie, beautiful but unturbulent, a reflection of reflections that has the charm of a tapestry. Even the old myths, those stark, passionate things, are subdued

to the needle and can scarcely kick for the coloured threads. This is from the marriage feast of Pirithous and Hippodamia, where Centaurs and Gods—all but Mars—were invited :—

“ But Mars put his minions to the kettle-drums,
The leaden thunder triumphs ;
With his burning blood
Eurythion, a Centaur, leans to Hippodamia,
Pulls her saffron curls to him, with wine-stained fingers,
And presses his lips to hers, not unreluctant.
He holds her head above him, as a cup to drink,
And drinks from her lips, and holds her saffron fronds,
Looking on her amber skin, her sullen smooth amber,
As parchment with flame behind, as smoke on amber,
And drinks his immortality, his fill of her,
Kissing till the breath goes.”

In such a world the simplicities of emotion are lost ; the flush that rises naturally with the heart's beating is augmented by pigment, it stays put : too rich and yet with a beauty that is unquestionable, the beauty of antique, masked images, gilded, with jewelled eyes, set up in a god-haunted grove among the fabled hills ; their life the life that images have, a power to reflect in the mind the very atmosphere that is shut within their silent wool. Here are Hercules and Pholus drinking the wine of the Centaurs :—

“ Clop, clop, clop : it was the beat of hooves.
Hercules heard it, coming up to them
Out of the pinewoods from the plain below ;
How blue was the air ! And every leaf was clear,
As through shallow water. O the smell was sweet,
The smell of pinetrees and of fircomb—smoke ! ”

On the dust-cover of Mr. Gawsworth's *Poems* Professor Lascelles Abercrombie is quoted as saying, “ John Gawsworth's poetry just is poetry, what poetry has always been (and always will be), simply because he knows how to be entirely himself in it.” For myself, I think it a little unfortunate that he has so much in common with the late Ernest Dowson. There are echoes of the same world here—and the music seems too, too familiar :—

“ To-night amid the laughter and the wine,
The shallow gaiety, the painful mirth,
I think of you, who never may be mine,
As some Bacchante of a Delphian earth.”

And its last gasp :

“ Last night amid the laughter and the wine—
And now, beneath tall shutters where the sun
Creeps through the chinks as morning's anodyne,
I think of you, Bacchante, dearest one.”

Miss Holmes' variations are on one string, and that one, designedly, I think, not very musical. What her theme is, I cannot rightly decide; but, from the preponderance in it of some wish to escape, I think I am not far wrong when I plump for it as the ironing-out of the Ego by the pressure of the modern world. In spite of a too-obtrusive archness, and the way she clothes herself in the second-hand of the late Fr. Hopkins, she achieves a simple little cry now and then. But she regards the soul as a battery—(Nature, apparently, is the charging station):—

" Squashed sit here we fit here
Dumb with tightening nerves at sight
Of brick and street town. Brains charged"
Home come new dynamics
We "

Mr. Waters makes many bright notes of nature's ways:—

" A kingfisher who sings no song,
Has quelled the music of the reeds
And pales the beauty of the pool,
Shattering her mirror as he speeds,
While swift delight of insect flight
Turns all her golden flowers to weeds."

Sometimes his flight is higher; he reaches something near to vision in "Eve":—

" Unstained by wode earth's lady stands
Among the bluebells of the wood,
Holding a fruit within her hands
Of things half understood.

.

And she, the plaything of the earth,
Dances in rapture down the glade,
Singing her farewell song to mirth
Naked and half afraid."

PADRAIC FALLON.

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LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Chatto & Windus. 1933.
Pp. 303. 7s. 6d.

As a delightful essayist and writer on scientific topics for the general reader, Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan needs no introduction. Once again, in his "Limitations of Science," he has given us an admirable and indeed timely book.

That there is a widespread and ever-growing interest in science on the part of the educated public is beyond dispute—an interest which arises, however, from probably quite different motives than those which inspired the genteel

dilettantism of our Victorian grandparents. For, to-day, influenced no doubt by the incredible success of science in its practical applications, permeating our civilization to an extent of which we are only rarely conscious, no less than by daring cosmological theories with their important bearing on philosophical questions, many are turning to science for guidance, and even bow to its supposed authority in spheres that lie outside its proper domain.

Mr. Sullivan reminds his readers, and it can hardly be done too often, that scientific theories cannot be judged by any criterion of absolute truth ; they must be taken merely as working hypotheses, the value of which depends on their success in correlating the widest possible range of relevant phenomena. " Truth, then, in science, is merely a pragmatic affair," as Mr. Sullivan puts it.

Naturally this success has been greatest in the mathematical sciences. But " again and again," writes the author, " we have the feeling that the primary concepts used by biologists are inadequate to their most important problems." Concluding a very effective criticism of the Behaviourist School, he remarks : " Indeed Behaviourism, when applied to all but very simple mental processes is so inadequate as to be uninteresting."

From the scientific point of view, psychology and sociology would seem to be even less satisfactory, their schemes are still descriptive rather than explanatory. Together with biology they await some great imaginative genius to transform along more fruitful lines their basic concepts, as Einstein and Max Planck have done for physical science.

Mr. Sullivan again emphasizes, and rightly so, the strong aesthetic appeal of science. Too often do the profane ask of what use is this or that scientific theory or investigation. " The true end of mathematics is the greater glory of the human mind" retorted Jacobi to Fourier, when the latter reproached him with " trifling with pure mathematics " and with much truth this may also be said of physical science irrespective of its practical applications. The truly great scientist is at the same time a great creative artist, and his work as such, in evolving new ways of looking at reality, enriches human consciousness.

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Sullivan has succeeded in giving an illuminating, though necessarily condensed, account of the major results of modern science without the use of any mathematical symbols, in itself a noteworthy achievement.

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TIA BARBARITA. By Barbara Peart. London : Faber & Faber. 15s. net.

Though nearly eighty years of age, the spirit of " Tia Barbarita " as she is affectionately known through almost all South America, burns brightly as ever. Her book bears every evidence of this. One can imagine the hale old woman sitting in her chair going over the vivid memories of the long adventurous years and putting down with perfect candour all that befell her in that time. The daughter of respectable, well-to-do Irish parents " Barbarita " began her lively career at an early age. Shortly after her return from the convent to which she had been banished on account of unruly behaviour she became engaged to two different men. However that minor affair righted itself as all Barbarita's

scrapes seem to have settled themselves, mainly through her own ability and courage in taking matters swiftly in hand, just as she nearly bit the ear off the lunatic who assaulted her in the railway carriage. At any rate she found herself married to Henry while Willie went off to die eventually in India. Her new husband had a ranch in the Argentine which seems to have been worked with far more luck than judgment and there for the next few years she led a careless feckless life and tasted to the full the delights of the wild outdoor existence of the Pampas. She also contributed regularly to the nursery, and she narrates the various happenings of her lyings-in with the same insouciance as she describes later experiences during a plague of the vomito negro in Mexico. In time her husband went bankrupt and the family had to begin all over again in Texas and Mexico.

These misfortunes were faced with Barbarita's customary stoicism and from this onwards she is really the breadwinner for the family. She helps to run the new farm they acquire and which proves a failure and finally takes over her husband's business selling sewing machines and thus builds up a large and seemingly prosperous connection in Mexico where they move on the failure of the farm in Texas. Here she finds time to do innumerable works of charity in every form. Her amazing energy is never checked. Whether she is nursing the sick during yellow fever, running hospitals or assisting in a revolution she is always doing something practical and useful. Her life has been a perpetual battle for her home and family. She has lost her effects time after time and yet has fought back to comfort for her husband and children. Her uncle the Bishop of Brooklyn disinherited her for her levity and for daubing the face of his junior chaplain with glue and grease paint while on a visit to him, so that she lost a considerable sum thereby. In spite of all she is still alive and very active with six children living, twenty-nine grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren. Truly her seed has inherited a large portion of South America and if they are anything like their original producer they deserve it and the New World will be all the better for their occupancy.

J. M. C.

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THE IMMORTAL JEW. By S. R. Lysaght. (Macmillan and Co.). 10s. 6d.

This beautiful book written in the form of a Drama which so unostentatiously appeared during the year must make its appeal to the philosopher, as well as the poet, and artist. Mr. Lysaght's vigorous spirit flows through its pages of beautiful thoughts linked in spiritual song, in a paen of faith in humanity. In his creation of Judas, from his betrayal of his Master, he has carried his theme down through the centuries in a series of vivid pictures of the Wandering Jew, who must carry his penalty, not alone himself, but more terrible still, as a legacy to his children.

The play opens in the small town of Rosenberg, outside the village church, while the children are singing the Christmas carols. The old man, Scala, worn with the burthen of centuries, with his tortured mind, creeps into the graveyard to visit the vaults of those who have passed on to him the awful curse of their lives. He must send it on to his grandson, and it is to find the child of his dis-

owned son, for whom he had no pity, that he has come to the town. He finds the child—the illegitimate grandson—for his son's friend betrayed him, and leaves with the old priest, who has sheltered him, enough money for his education accompanied by the fatal wallet, containing the story of his life. Later his relation, the Lord of the Manor takes the child and he is placed in the position of a son. The new life brought to the ancestral home must find its own salvation in the conquest of himself for in the search for Truth, and a faith in life. The test which the author shows comes to every individual, comes to the young Scala, but again he betrays his friend and his country when the moment comes to chose.

Again we are shown his unfortunate child by the peasant woman, in the next generation bringing up a boy who is destined by his intellect to rise to great heights in the literary world as a playwright. He makes his name in the world and is accepted also at the Manor of Rosenberg. We discover in him a cynic, cold to the world around him, an unbeliever and destined to take the same path. His test comes when he meets a beautiful woman who inspires him to loftier ideals, and whose lover is reported dead in the wars, and whose love she mourns. Having won her affection and her promise of marriage he receives a letter from his friend, the woman's lover, with another for his fiancée. He tries to believe that her love is so necessary to his life that he can justify his betrayal and burns the two letters. But the curse is not lifted, for when he believes he has possessed her, the vision of his ancestors' crimes comes before him on the night of his wedding, and he flees like a madman to the forest. Wandering for days he returns to learn that she is happy on the return of her first lover, but still imagines she is his wife, and that he needs her. When he learns that the returned soldier has heard of his betrayal and never divulged it to the woman he loves, Scala is overcome with that thrill of admiration, and belief in the man that he at last understands what truth and faith mean.

That we live in a past life, which we cannot escape, and that we sow the seeds of future generations is the theme running through this wonderful book.

But it must be read to understand the spiritual beauty of the lines, the music of the poetry, for it is really one great poem with exquisite pictures of the glorious countryside, written by one who is a poet, and philosopher and a deep lover of humanity in which he places his faith.

K. O'B.

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PASSAGE THROUGH THE PRESENT. By George Buchanan. Constable. 5s.

"This summer—for a sudden reason—I made these notes upon existence, trying to see my own age as with eyes of a visitor—a visitor who must remain whether or not he liked his entertainment." Combine "Passage through the Present" and "Notes upon Existence" and the suggestion of the content of this book and its quality is complete. There is here a pre-occupation with the concrete and the particular, seen constantly in their reality through the eye of an artist, and with an interest added by a mind at once distinguished by its balance of analytic and synthetic tendencies.

In one of the later notes Mr. Buchanan writes: "Take civilisation to mean the face of society: cities, inventions, organisation and power—things which

have developed enormously in a few years. Take culture to mean the soul of society, the expression of a vision of life, of humanity—things which have not quickened but languished, and become encumbered. You see that too often the face is the empty face of a puppet, a creature without a soul. It is too late to break the toy, civilisation, to pieces; it would indeed be childish to attempt it. But what accidie has fallen on our culture? Why is it too weak to dominate civilisation and use it to the good ends of life?"

Throughout these notes Mr. Buchanan shows us the self-conscious impact of culture and civilisation, in a single sensitive mind. He discusses it as a problem, and he reflects it in creative passages. He sets out himself to take his part in the spiritual adventure of his age, and, dominating civilisation, to use it to the good ends of life. Because of the quality of the mind, which is truly cultured, not merely trained or vainly decorative, his resolution of the problem is always fine, and, because of his sincerity, its positive resolution in art is generally satisfying and stimulating. Look at the "Song for Straphangers" (under July 17)—this is the first verse:

" I bought a red brick villa
and dug the garden round
Because a young girl smiled in June;
in August we were bound
By a marriage vow
And then till now
I count up every pound."

or this (under July 9):

"... to return to the island

"Two of us get over the edge of the boat and swim off. She, the other, had changed in a second, hardly noticed, from her dress to her bathing dress. Fifty years ago such a simple skill would have been impossible.

"Swimming in cool water between sun-green trees is paradisaical!

"An aeroplane went overhead, trailing a heavy thread of sound across the landscape."

For all the part which the will to subdue civilisation to the ends of life through and in culture, plays in such passages, Mr. Buchanan rarely strikes a note which is false emotionally. Just now and again his very sincerity leads him perilously near the extreme limits of technical device, as when he refers to newsboys on a hot day with "horrors hanging from their hands" or "red motor lights" like "painted stars." The essentially welling quality of the notes whether in prose or verse is perfectly illustrated in the "Lines in a fit of depression" (under May 31) beginning—

"Desire is sunk down in a long grey pool under my heart

My imagination is a room after the lights are put out;"—
read them; the quiet intellectual control which is evident in them has served faithfully the purpose of the artist, so that the lines reflect sincerely the emotion, while the sense of the soul's mastery is continued in the craft.

Mr. Buchanan's criticism of the modern press, and analysis and exposition of the fundamentals of the best journalism is an example of the finest type of positive criticism.

How clear are some of these comments upon existence, how much is said, for example, in the phrase :

"That crazed genius, Lawrence, kept crying out to save the human body !"

Yet with final humility the author writes of the Rembrandts in the National Gallery :—

"—those faces peering from dark surroundings with all the sweetness, suffering, and strange, even ugly, nobility of life marked upon the flesh. What is this force of sheer humanity—commanded into art only by the greatest—that can make us feel our destiny among the debts, quarreling, and dirt of existence as worth the bother ? After an hour in front of those Dutch persons, dead centuries ago, I should feel ashamed to be uncharitable."

So, of the poets, "men of art"—

"Theirs is the mystery of all, that they create an unexplained electric beauty greater than they themselves can understand."—

and so, Mr. Buchanan goes through town and country, among his fellow human-beings, revealing upon the many planes of existence, new varieties of flowers.

With the entry for September 1, the book closes (we are sorry !) :—

"The sun is shining, as I pack for a short holiday. I look round my room, deciding what will be needed in the next few days. How hard it is to believe, here in the city, that I shall truly put on those bathing things at the coast or play tennis on lawns shaded with trees. I must remember a book. I must remember . . . but quickly—my train leaves at ten o'clock."

L. D.

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KNOCKMAROON. By W. M. Letts. London : John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

For those who love Ireland and see in her a beauty that neither political troubles and the reputation of "distressfulness" can ever erase this is the book of books. Mrs. Letts is an artist and she sees grace, loveliness and charm even among the dustbins of Merrion Square. She takes the common scenes and sights that lie around us and invests them with life, interest and at times a deep pathos, writing without exaggeration and sincerity. Under the title "Knockmaroon," the name of an old house by the Liffey's banks she has gathered together a pleasing hotch potch of prose writings, reminiscences, short stories and poems. To the Dubliner who is proud of his city the book will prove particularly grateful. How well the author captures the atmosphere of beauty and restfulness that lies about our squares. True she shamelessly avows that she dislikes Georgian houses, but she may easily be forgiven for the fidelity with which she brings before us their quiet dignity and the glamour of past genius which their former

inhabitants have bestowed upon them. Writing about the country she is equally happy as she loves the people and is free and initiate where the wild creatures of the moors and woods are concerned. The book mentions by name some who are with us to-day and not a few who have left us in recent years, thus adding a fresh interest for those whose gossippy Dublin existences extend over the last quarter century.

J. M. C.

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HERE AND THERE WITH BIRDS. By E. W. Hendy. London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

These adventures after birds cover a wider field than Mr. Hendy's preceding volume, "Wild Exmoor Through the Year." In the present book, the author rambles far afield in search of those birds he described so well and he contrives to visit some of the more inaccessible bird haunts as the Islands of Lundy and Skomer. The opening portion concerns Norfolk where Mr. Hendy saw the rare marsh harrier and was fortunate enough to discover the nest of this most beautiful bird, one of the half dozen or less instances in which this hawk has been reported as breeding in England. The bittern, bearded reedling and stone curlew are among the other birds he encountered in Norfolk, and, it is pleasing to the bird lover to learn that the bittern is considerably on the increase. Skomer yielded the Manx shearwater in thousands but Wales "topped the bill" with a genuine, authenticated kite, a sight to joy the most *blasé* ornithologist. Alas there are but few of this fine hawk left, thanks to egg collectors. The depredations of these gentry are responsible for a certain vagueness when the author speaks of finding a particular bird in any area that is likely to be identified from his writings. A most necessary precaution and praiseworthy. Somerset and Sussex are other areas laid under contribution, while there is a whole chapter devoted to the Dartford warbler. Towards the end of the book Mr. Hendy discusses the dramatist John Webster whom he shows to have been a most observant naturalist in addition to his great literary gifts. The book is delightfully written with that beauty of prose and descriptive power that we now have learned to expect from the author.

J. M. CHICHESTER.

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FISHES. Their Journeys and Migrations. By Louis Roule. London: Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.

The vast migrations that take place at certain times of the year among certain species of animals are so conditioned by natural laws that it is possible to locate these creatures at the places they are wont to occupy at that particular season with a very high degree of accuracy. This is most apparent among some fishes whose regular recurrence off various parts of the coasts gives rise to important industries. In every case the fish belong to the same species, appear in the same place and almost to a day at the same time. Striking as

is this regularity of movement, equally strange is the enormous mass of their number in sharp contrast to the brief space they remain in that particular locality. Here to-day in their unnumbered millions, the morrow may find not a single specimen remaining. Of such species of fish are the salmon, the sardine, the herring and tunny and in a lesser degree the trout and the carp with some similar species whose wanderings are confined to a localised area, none the less determined and directed by the need for the establishment of a harmony between certain functions and certain circumstances. Professor Rouse has devoted a number of years to the problems attending fish migration and as a result he concludes that these movements of the fish, perfect as they may be, cannot be ascribed to a reasoning intelligence but, as he shows, are most likely due to purely physical and physiological causes, as temperature and oxygen content of the water, with their bearing upon the puberty and reproductive needs of the creature. Over twenty species of fish are discussed, always by the same method. The author first describes what we actually do know and then endeavours to find natural causes for these movements.

These conclusions he reaches are marked by well reasoned methods and exceptional knowledge and are illustrated by diagrams and figures. Professor Rouse has much in common with the late Henri Fabre including his powers of description and clear exposition. This book will delight the savant and interest those piscatorially minded.

J. M. CHICHESTER.

The Editor regrets that he has been compelled to hold over reviews of several important books including—The Winding Stair by W. B. Yeats; The Avatars by A.E.; Hans Christian Anderson by Signe Toksvig, (Macmillan and Co.); The Idea of God in St. Thomas Aquinas (Allen & Unwin); God and the Astronomers by Dean Inge (Longmans & Co.); A Short History of Ireland by Prof. Pokorny (Talbot Press); The Voyage of the Beagle (Darwin) (Cambridge University Press). Etc., etc.